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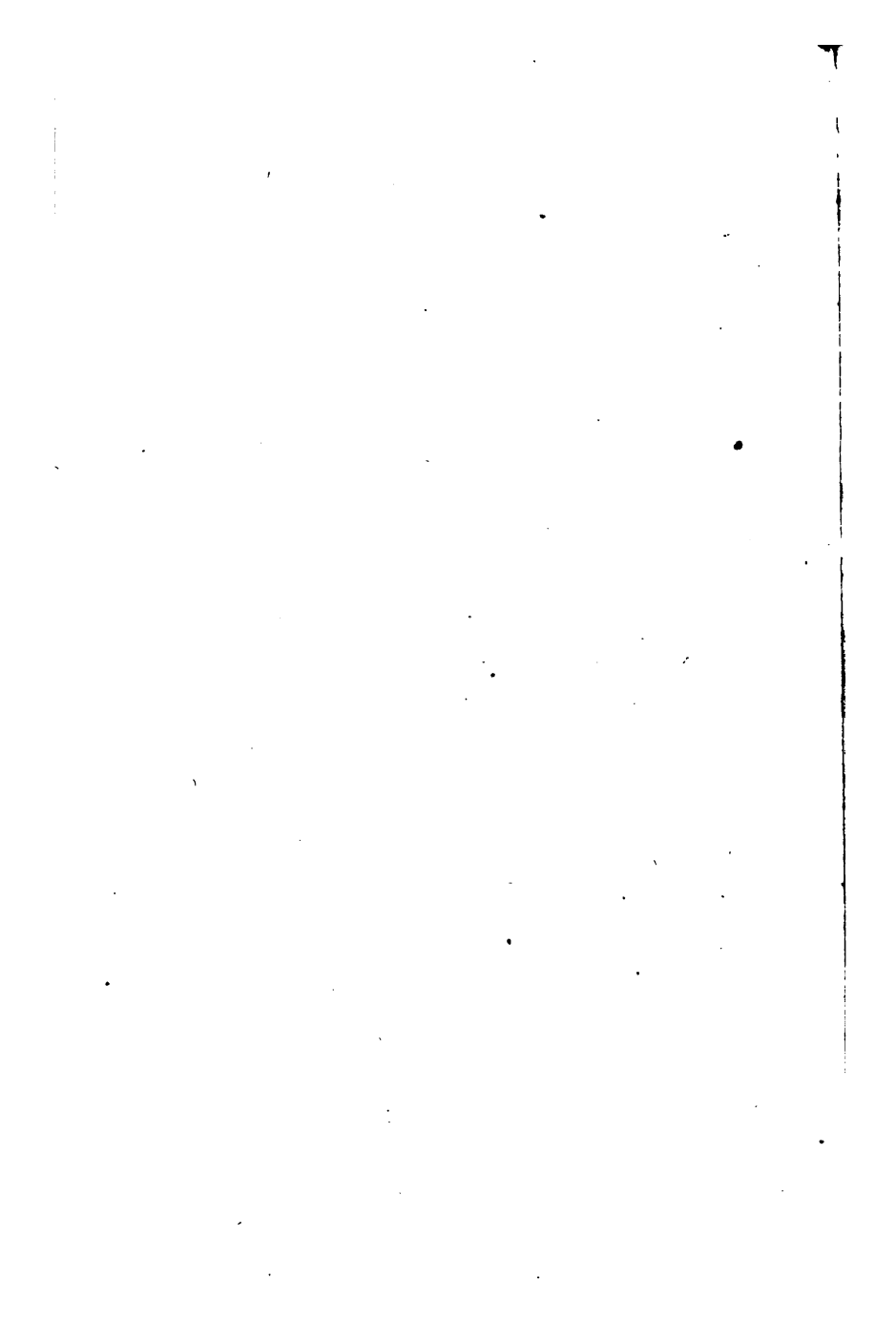
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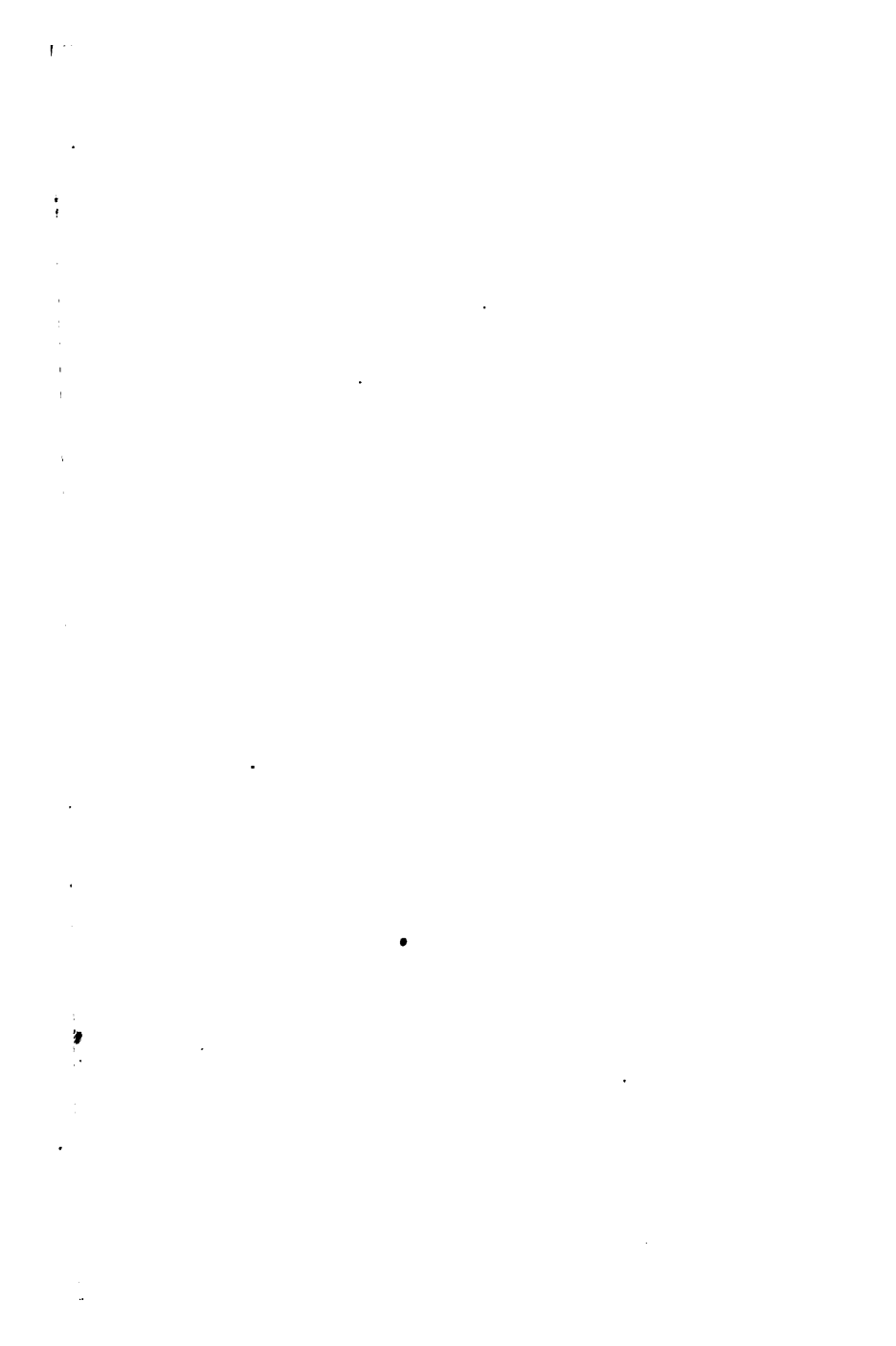
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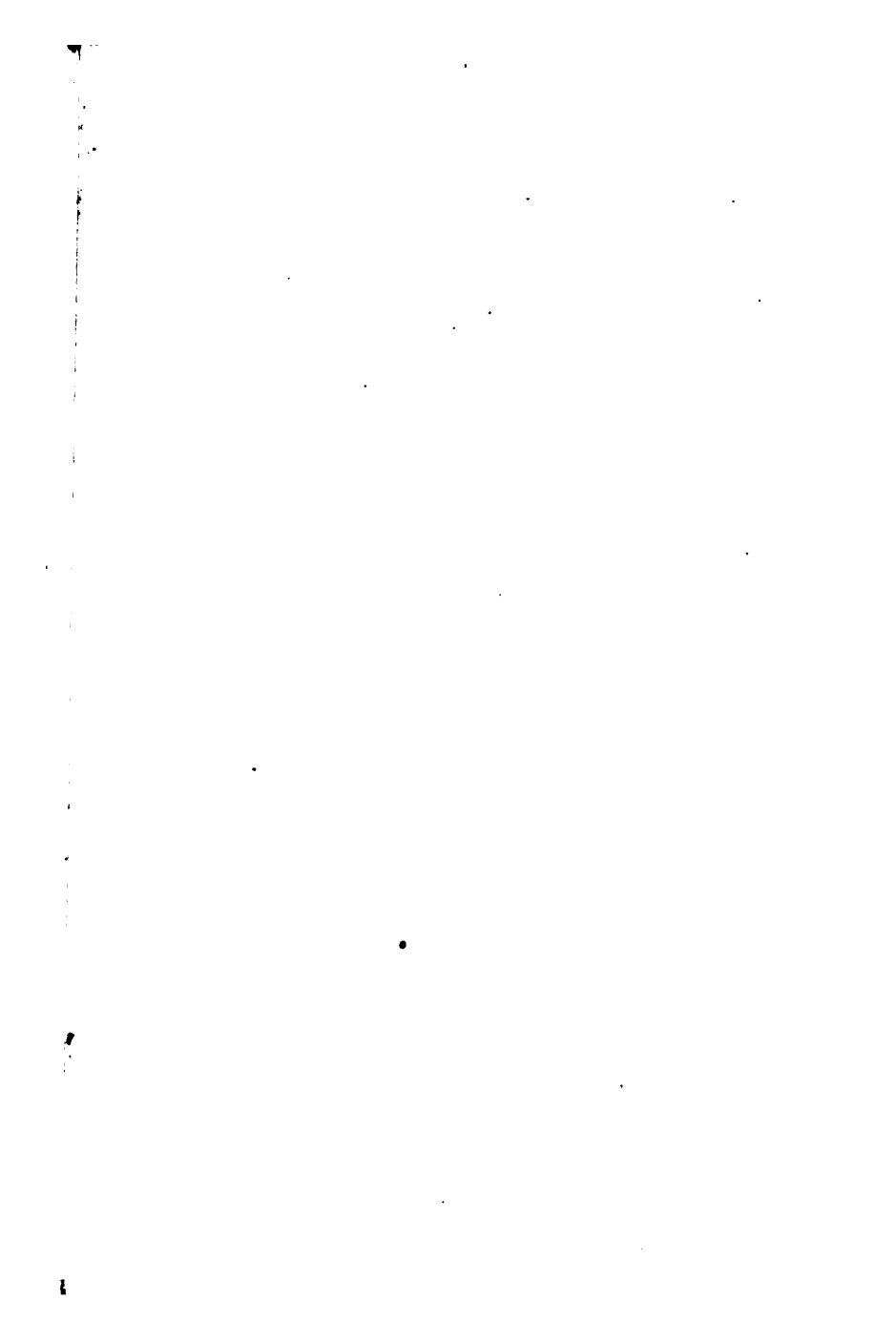
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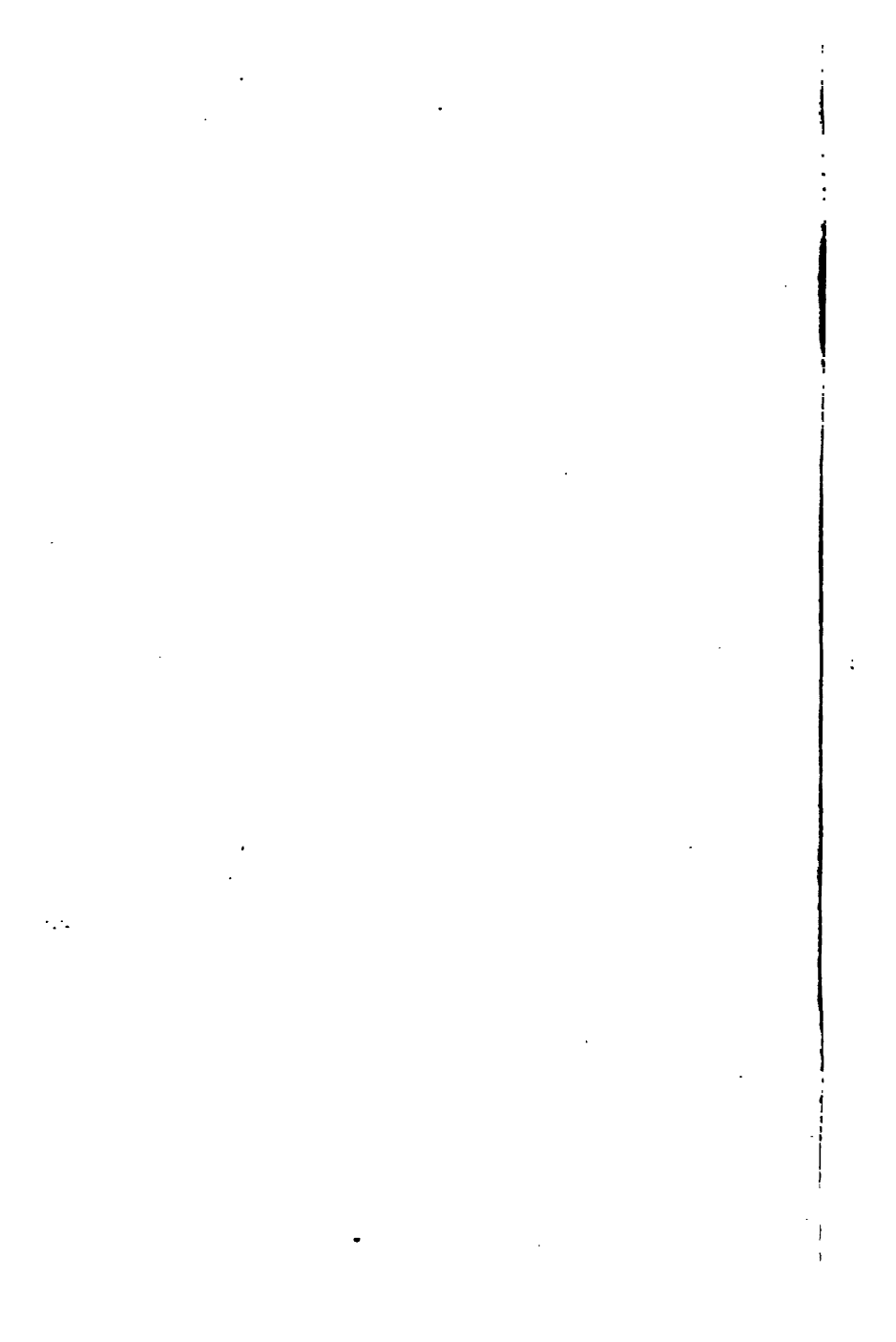
New York - April 1864













A

# TRIBUTE TO THE FAIR:

COMPRISING A COLLECTION OF

*VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.*

PUBLISHED

*In Aid of the Sanitary Commission.*

NEW YORK:  
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,  
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1864.

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In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the  
Southern District of New York.

THE following *vers de société*, with the exception of a few pieces which have already appeared in print, were never intended for publication, having been originally addressed as a private tribute to the charms and accomplishments of fair friends, occupying the position of *jeunes premières* on the stage of elegance and fashion. As these ladies have never made their appearance before the public, the writer has naturally preferred to introduce them under the cloak of a *nom de guerre*, in conformity to time-honored custom.

The verses are now for the first time collected, and, with some alterations, are offered in their present shape as a contribution to the Metropolitan Fair for the benefit of the United

States Sanitary Commission—the entire proceeds of this edition being appropriated to that purpose. May the object of the publication atone for the act itself!

As the ruby wine imparts to the crystal a beauty which the latter would otherwise fail to attain, the writer is not without hope that the charm which diffuses itself around those whose attractions he has so vainly attempted to put under glass, may shed a borrowed grace upon his playful rhymings.

As to the critics, should they condescend to aim their shafts so low, they will be flattered to find that the writer, with considerate forethought, has allowed more than the authorized number of faults to stand, for their express gratification.

NEW YORK, *Feb.* 29, 1864.

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## THE TITLE TO THIS BOOK.

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### INTRODUCTORY.

ONE evening late, there sat elate  
    Within the Club called Union,  
A party gay, some six or eight,  
    In spirited communion.  
The spirits bright they showed that night,  
    The thing that made them frisky,  
Was not the war, nor reason's light,  
    But gossiping and—whiskey.  
Indeed, one day a wag did say  
    (In passing by Delmonico):  
"I'd call your club, had I my way,  
    The *Museo Borbonico*."

The Club showed then—say, half-past ten—

About its usual stupor.

Except ourselves—the rest were men

Too old to make a trooper—

Some smoking, some debating were—

Some snoozing near the fire—

You would have thought them mummies there,

But for their nasal choir.

With white cravat, and opera hat,

Our corner looked quite cosey—

Two of us had been dining at

A friend's, and came back rosy ;

In *Rosedale* one had pleasure found,

And one in *Traviata*,

While some were to a concert bound,

A *Sanitary* matter.

The leader of this chatty group,

That youth with wit so flashing,

Has all the *beau monde* at his soup,

And they call him Mr. Dashing ;

For dancing, dining, and in love,

He's foremost in the nation,



And for bright talk, there's none above  
This man of great relation.

His neighbor gay, with that new hat,  
Is humorous as Dickens—  
Flirts with the Muses, gilds chit-chat,  
And gambols with "Spring Chickens ;"  
While sober "Will" upon his right,  
Of form erect and jaunty,  
Oft *philosophe*—talks art to night,  
And plays the dilettante.

And there is one who, when he's seen  
At our great lattice standing,  
Charms maids and men with air serene  
And manly frame commanding ;  
And here's our friend, who so well quotes  
Rare authors, French and German,  
And would have worn, but for the votes,  
The aldermanic ermine.

The "Handsome Major" has Will's arm—  
The Cis-Atlantic D'Orsay—  
The "glass of fashion—mould of form—  
And"—I need hardly more say,

Unless that we two Majors boast :  
Our friend here sipping Kummel,  
And one who, in himself a host,  
We've christened Maj-ah Brummel !

Beside him dreams that schemer bold,  
That Greenback-struck Aladdin,  
Whose winnings would, if all were told,  
The ghost of Midas madden.  
While others donned war's coat of mail,  
He cheered the nation's mourner  
By bounty from *Pacific Mail*,  
And prospered in a *corner* ;  
Then built steam yachts, and marble mews,  
And a rare *bijou* theatre,  
Where soon the Graces and the Muse  
To ravished souls will cater.

For, there we'll note that beauty, famed  
From Paris to Manhattan,  
Whose grace the heart of France inflamed  
While scudding on her patten ;  
Whose warblings sweet did, humbled, chase  
The Lurlei to her grotto,

While soft Enchantment, on her face,  
Imprinted : The Duke's Motto.\*

Her sister fair will shine there too,  
With her grand tresses golden,  
Fair as the *Grandes Eaux* at St. Cloud  
On festive morn beholden ;  
And her blue eyes—so sweet, so blue,  
They 'll haunt me till I'm hoary—  
(As fresh a blonde as e'er I knew,  
This tulle-clad morning-glory !)

There, too, shall we admiring dwell  
(While throngs around will muster)  
On eyes, now queen-like, now gazelle,  
Resplendent in their lustre ;  
Proud eyes of one—brunette renowned,  
Of empire unresisted—  
Whose praise is heard, and vassals found,  
Where'er her tent is listed.

With fondness, too, we there shall trace  
A host of other beauties,

\* The Duke's Motto : "*I am Here.*"

For, only genius, wit, and grace  
Can there fill buskined duties.  
But I've outspun my *causerie*,  
By fickle fancy heated ;  
Let's now back to the *beaux esprits*  
Within the club-house seated.

"My friends," said I, "ere long I'll start  
A book upon the waters,  
A 'book of bubbles' from the heart  
To Gotham's gifted daughters ;  
Presented as an offering slight  
To *Sanitary* coffers :  
I need a title, and invite  
You all to tender offers."

Forthwith each wit began to think  
About the fittest title,  
And soon exhausted, some did wink,  
The effort was so vital.  
"The lines," said one, "are writ to belles,  
So I suggest : *Belles Lettres* ;"  
And one : "They bound you in their spells,  
So call it : *Silken Fetters* ;"

The next proposed plain : *Amourettes* ;

Discarded as conceited ;

And one, *Flirtation Silhouettes*,

But this too was defeated.

" *A Trot on Pegasus*," said Jim,

(A flighty perpetration ;)

And, full of point, one next to him

Gave : *Notes of Admiration !*

" It treats of balls, so I'll be tossed—

If *Party Lines* won't answer ; "

Then William said : "*Love's Labor's Lost*,

Surpass that, if you can, sir ! "

They next proposed : *My Trial Trips* ;

*A Butterfly's Recital* ;

*The Slips betwixt the Cup and Lips*,

And *Book Without a Title*.

At last Aladdin, in his chair,

Asleep in rumination,

Breathed out : "*A Tribute to the Fair*,"

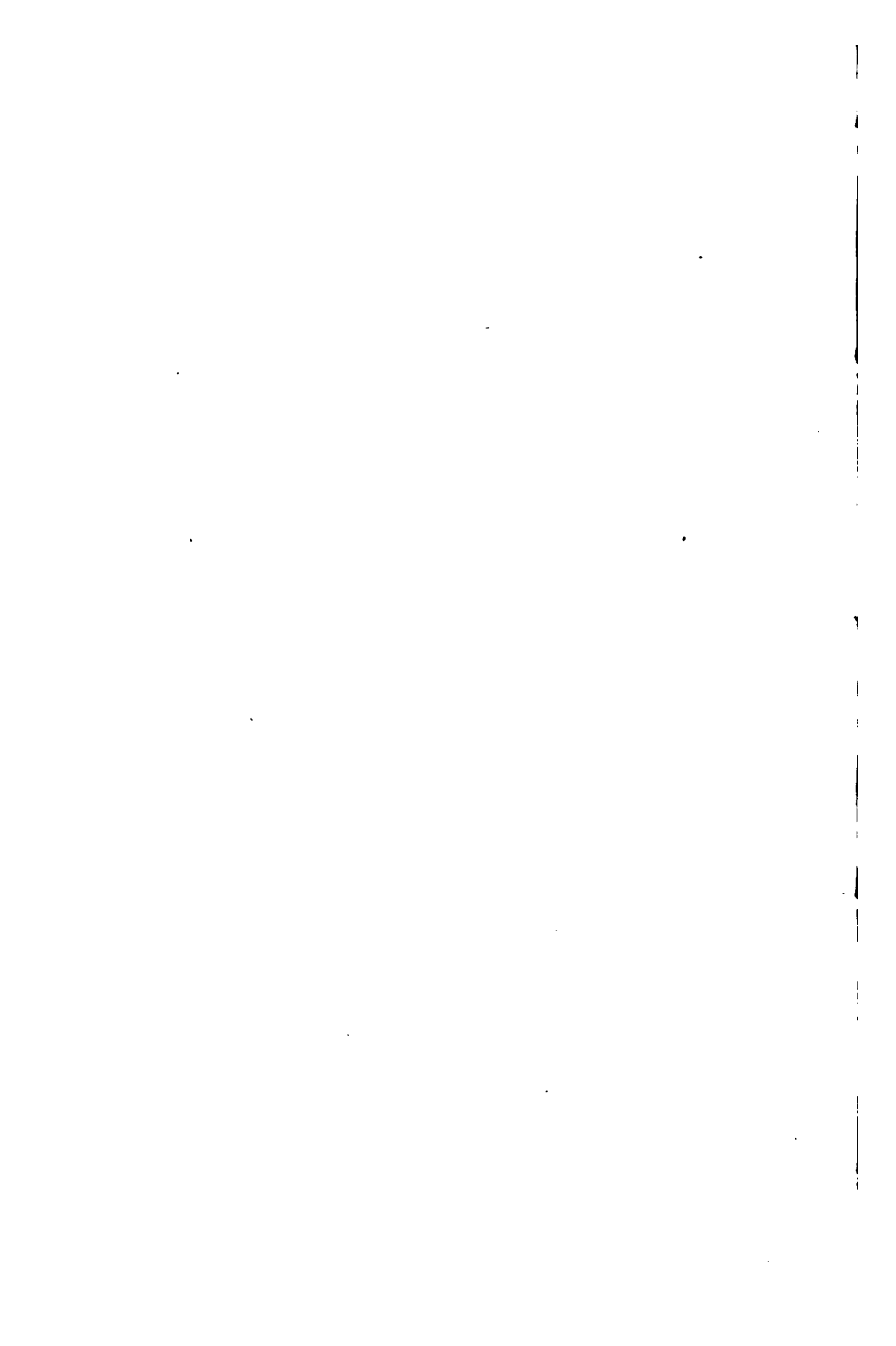
Which passed by acclamation.

With that the gay discussion closed—

The book was fairly started—

Then, an adjournment was proposed—

And merrily we parted.



## METHOUGHT.

METHOUGHT my heart a little yacht  
Where Frolic was commander ;  
He sailed her round from spot to spot,  
But never cared to land her ;  
Deeming the smiles of every " dear "  
A snug and sunny cover,  
Whither the yacht at will could steer  
Ere sunshine would be over.

Methought the star that marked her way  
The eye of brightest beaming ;  
But each new star of smiling ray  
Bedimmed the former's gleaming.

Thus, wandering on, she caught each breeze  
That filled her snowy pinion,  
And sailed o'er those delusive seas  
Where Proteus holds dominion.

At length methought her cruise was o'er,  
And she at anchor riding  
In some snug port past which before  
She often had been gliding.  
And oh, how glorious 'twas to feel  
Her voyage well concluded,  
Resting in peace where never keel  
Had once before intruded !

But this, alas ! proved but a snare,  
Hope's mirage self-complacent :  
Night round the yacht closed unaware,  
And hid the shore adjacent ;  
And all night long, her signal gun  
No answer could awaken :  
Too far had she her cruising run—  
Each harbor now was taken.



## LA REINE DU BAL.

In the ball-room gayly gleaming,  
By the chandelier's rich glare,  
'Mid the dancers briskly streaming,  
What strange beauty passeth there ?  
Eyes of jet—large, burning, beaming—  
Noble stature—raven hair—  
Smile of seraph—am I dreaming ?  
Whence this vision—oh, so fair !

By the light of her dark eye—  
By her beauty's startling spell—  
By her spirit—by her sigh—  
Henceforth, mark me, she's *the Belle !*

[illegible]

And, in thy home at Genesee,  
Think of those whose sun is set :  
And among the chosen few  
Thou mayst there anon recall,  
Grant him who bids thee now adieu  
A seat sometimes in Memory's hall.

### A SKETCH.

IN bright Broadway, hard by Great Jones,  
A syren dwells of radiant feature,  
Whose greeting glad no mortal owns  
Without exclaiming, "Brilliant creature!"

Her wit finds vent in varied tongue,  
Now sparkling French—now solid Saxon;  
And when its barb at me is flung,  
I'd sooner face the gun called "Paixhan."

I've seen her queening it at balls,  
Arrayed in proud Parisian splendor,  
And, where the chandelier's ray falls,  
Marked many a stoic glance wax tender.

I've seen her pallet's hues divine,  
And whispered, when at work I've met her :  
"In silks and tulles you all outshine,  
Yet *canvas* e'en becomes you better."

I've seen her tripping down Broadway,  
With looped-up skirt, like nimble kitten,  
And watched her dancing, light and gay,  
With Albert Edward, hope of Britain.

I've seen her—peerless Amazon—  
When yearned Fort Adams to receive her,  
Make small mobs pause as she dashed on,  
Tipping with jewelled whip her beaver.

I've seen her—but, alas ! not here  
Her graces all can I determine :  
She chats, draws, rides, paints, and, I fear—  
Flirts like a witch all through the German.

## ONLY A SKIRMISH.

A PRETTY young lady quite pleasantly sat  
In a corner, last night at the ball,  
The same one that wears such a "wee little"  
hat,  
Whose light laughter we heard in the hall.

Her trim, sprightly form was arrayed all in  
pink,  
No jewels concealed her round arm,  
Her shoe through the folds seemed to peep out  
and wink,  
Then retire, like a bird in alarm.

A beautiful flower was twined in her hair,  
A sly sparkle lay hid in her eye,  
Her mischievous smile played about every-  
where :

To see her, I vow, made me sigh.

With a friendly salute, I sat down by her side,  
But was not, *entre nous*, all at ease :  
Though Miss Fanny is bright, and with wit  
well supplied,  
Yet she loves more to tease than to please.

I'd scarcely been seated a minute ere war,  
Deadly war, on both sides was declared ;  
She laughed at my speeches, would list to no  
more,  
Spoke ill of my glass—said I *stared* !

I replied at a loss—must beg leave to be frank,  
Said something about—"almost rude ;"  
Whereat she put on an expression quite blank,  
"Did not heed what I thought, ill or good."

I told her, indeed she was lovely to see,  
But, oh ! most afflicting to know ;  
The sight of her face made my heart leap with  
glee,  
But her words made my tears nearly flow.

To which she rejoined with more pungent  
abuse,  
Under which I was fast getting blue,  
When a stranger came up—we were forced to  
a truce,  
And I bowed with reserve, and withdrew.

By and by, wrapped in ermine, she sped  
through the hall,  
And I carelessly bent as she passed :  
Miss Fanny smiled back ! And, most brilliant  
of all,  
The first star of the night was the last.



### A WISH.

Oh, would I were a little flower—  
A little flower in this bouquet !  
That I might please thee for an hour,  
And sweetness shed around thy way.

Then would I watch with long content  
Thy princess form and seraph face,  
Where worth with high refinement's blent,  
And calm distinction waits on grace.

But, fondly as I thus might gaze,  
I still would lie unheeded there :  
Who notes a single floweret's ways  
When lost amid a gay parterre ?

With that sweet flower I may not cope ;  
That flower's fate I fain would share :  
To please awhile I dare to hope ;  
To soar above the throng, despair.

TO A DOMINO.

BRIGHT and beauteous domino,  
Hedged in mystery, rich in fun,  
Whilst thy witching wit did flow,  
Praise from all by thee was won—  
Won from hosts that yearned to see  
Whence arose such glad *esprit* ;  
Yet such craft did in thee reign,  
All their yearning proved in vain.

I would fain the ruse retort,  
Were not masks to dons denied ;  
Pardon, then, if I resort  
To means thy wit may well deride.

In these flowers, fair mask, see  
Fresh tests for thy keen *esprit* :  
At the ball where thou wilt reign,  
Seek the giver—seek in vain.

## ATALANTA.

ATALANTA, famed for grace,  
Reproachless symmetry of mould,  
And rare nobility of face,  
Excelled, with nimbleness untold,  
Arcadia's fleetest in the race.  
Around her knelt a princely throng,  
Each grateful at her least command,  
And yearning to subdue her hand.  
That hand, she promised, should belong  
To him who first, amid that band,  
Pursuing, should her speed surpass ;  
But they who faltered should, alas !  
Excluded from her haughty heart,  
Be slain by the relentless dart

Whose claim it was her hand to grace  
In sylvan hunt or human chase.

One after one the youths pursued,  
And one by one they loitered aft :  
Their reckless zeal too soon they rued,  
As instant flew the fatal shaft.  
Despite his many rivals dead,  
Melanion next attempts the prize,  
And, as he runs, he rolls ahead  
Some golden fruit : these charm her eyes !  
She stoops to seize, while on he flies,  
And, striking first the vital goal,  
Clasps Atalanta to his soul !

Thus, ere the Pyramids were reared,  
Ere space for Dido's throne was cleared,  
Ere Rome was founded, Troy undone,  
Or aught now known beheld the sun,  
This fair Arcadian princess ruled ;  
And first to love's uncertain fate

And all the woes which on it wait,  
The tender mind primeval schooled—  
Foretokening, too, with what sad ease  
Frail woman's heart is turned aside  
From firm intent and life-long pride  
By the first glittering toy she sees.

A troop of centuries roll by—  
And Atalanta's stately mould,  
Her grace, her charms, her melting eye  
Transcending all—again behold !  
Still at her feet the courtiers sigh,  
Still martial chieftains tribute show,  
And as she dwells, or rustles by,  
Their anxious hearts still ebb or flow.

But now, to Progress true, the race  
Claims sentiment and lofty theme,  
And all that kindles hope's high dream,  
As the sole objects of the Chase.  
The dart no longer in her hand  
Upraised is seen, prepared to slay,

But, far more ready at command,  
Where her long silken lashes play,  
Masked in her orb's seductive ray,  
The deadly barb doth lurking lay.  
And that fair fruit of dazzling hue  
(By Venus culled from lordly trees,  
Pride of the famed Hesperides),  
Which, duping, lured the Greek maid's view,  
Is now by Mars, not Venus, raised :  
By glittering stars which heroes don,  
Ensnaring her as she moves on,  
Are Atalanta's eyes now dazed.

Yet he, who now would fain pursue,  
In common with the votive crew,  
Fair Atalanta's fleet-winged smile,  
Unschool'd by Venus or by Mars,  
Can boast, her favour to beguile,  
No golden fruit, no silver stars :  
He can but show her arrow's scars—  
And, like the lark that seeks the sun,  
Be joyful if but shined upon.



## PASSING ALONG BROADWAY.

PASSING along Broadway, I saw  
Violets nestling there :  
I loitered on—and, following me,  
Their perfume filled the air.

Violet-like, Miss Annie makes  
A garden of life's way—  
And, when we leave her, memory's charm  
Sweetens the livelong day.

## THE HEART OF A FLIRT.

### I.

THE stars were burning in the skies,  
And lamps were blushing in the street,  
Soft sleep was brooding o'er my eyes,  
And dreams beginning gambols sweet,

When, in a vision, lightly came,  
Fleet as the storm-cloud's vivid flame,  
A fairy form so bright and busy,  
I knew at once 'twas sparkling Lizzie.

Her lips were breathing saucy sounds,  
Her feet performing polka bounds,

And in her eyes such mischief lying,  
I'd pity him she'd catch a-sighing.

Adown her neck, in corkscrews playing,  
Her hair in ringlets went a-straying,  
And at her side her beaux were standing,  
Like cabmen at a steamboat landing.

And next her heart—coquettish heart,  
Which acts so well its cruel part—  
A magic mirror, moved by wings,  
Revealed to me its secret springs.

The scene was one so passing strange,  
So marked with sighs and constant change,  
That should I tell the wondrous story,  
The world would say I fib for glory.

## II.

A churchyard, then, of fairy dimension,  
Covered throughout its tiny extension

With tombstones quaint, some crumbling, some  
new,

With wonderment filled my petrified view.

One tomb, in its model, resembled a ring,  
Recalling the girlish heart's first fluttering,  
On which was imprinted, along with REGARD:  
"The way of the boy-lover's hard—to dis-  
card!"

Another was like a cathedral of flowers—  
No present from me, I affirm, by the pow-  
ers—

On which was apparent, in type rather *grayish*,  
"Remember—remember, my victim, Bombay-  
ish!"

The next one was fashioned after a fan,—  
The present of some disconsolate man,—  
Where one might perceive, who chose to look  
in:

"Erected by me to a friend—I took in!"

The next had the air of a *carte de visite*,  
On which was engraven in characters neat :  
“ I swore that my love would defy separation,  
Yet, here lie—the remains of my vanished  
flirtation.”

And near it was one representing a heart,  
Transfixed in the midst with a golden-tipped  
dart,  
With these saddening words like fire shining  
through it :  
“ In memory of —— ; alas ! how I rue it ! ”

Many other mementos were there which I  
traced,  
Some clear to the eye, some partly effaced—  
But all of them showing, provokingly clearly,  
That Lizzie, bright Lizzie—loves to flirt  
dearly.

The following was sent to a young lady on Christmas Eve, with one of Bullard's bombasticks, representing a satin shoe with a gilt clasp attached.

### WANTED!

WANTED—an owner to this Shoe!  
I'm sure it must, fair friend, fit you—  
So sweet within, so fair without,  
It must be yours beyond a doubt.

When Santa Claus in bygone times  
Obedyed the call of Christmas chimes,  
None deemed it strange, nor rude, nor shock-  
ing,  
If, on his rounds, he left—*his stocking.*

But, now the world has grown more nice,  
And wears a face of polished ice,  
A change has twinkled through his pate,  
And so, of late, he leaves—*his skate*.

But, gentle maid, be wary how  
To use it you yourself allow,  
For, at your smile's enchanting ray,  
The ice around will melt away.

And, if kind fate hold in reserve  
What we desire and you deserve,  
Blessings on you will fall in showers,  
And all your steps be strewed with flowers.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

## TO A BIRD SINGING ABOVE NIAGARA.

Above the wild convulsive sea,  
Which, with a long tumultuous sweep,  
Maddened, rides at one thundering leap  
Down the deep chasm, sublimely free,  
Reverberant eternally,

On graceful pinion thou dost float,  
Wafting along the raptured plain  
Thy long-drawn, sweet, delirious strain,  
Whose rich exuberance of note  
Poureth like sunshine from thy throat !

All heedless of the peril near,  
Which, frowning, flows beneath thy wing,  
Serenely joyous thou dost sing,



And through the roar emerging clear,  
Thy generous song my soul doth cheer.

Thou teachest me that He who guides  
These mighty torrents with his hand  
Thy blithest carol likewise planned,  
That one same Law supernal bides  
O'er twittering birds and thundering tides.

Thou art withal the symbol meet  
Of one whose cherished gentle grace,  
Recalled 'mid life's discordant race,  
Subdues me with that charm most sweet,  
The music of a soul complete.

For this o'er all I prize thy song—  
For this I fondly list to thee  
With thoughtful sadness, yet with glee,  
And thank thee, as thou fleest along,  
For the sweet mystery of thy song.

## ACROSTIC.

(NATHALIE.)

NINE goblins one night on a daffodil met,  
A nd agreed in pure mischief to make a co-  
quette :  
T hey plucked a bright Rose, buried Cupid  
inside,  
H urried on to the isle where the Graces abide,  
A nd robbed them while napping of all their  
sweet arts ;  
L astly, added a case of wit's mischievous  
darts,  
I nspired the whole with animation and glee,  
E xiled it to earth—*et voilà* NATHALIE !

TO MADEMOISELLE RACHEL.

Across the wide Atlantic sea  
There came a tale of witchery—  
    Recounting how one night,  
    Amazed at her bold flight,  
The world's tribunal chief of Art  
Was borne away—soul, spirit, heart—  
    In one wild, wondering whirl  
    By a strange Parisian girl—

Who, by her magic power, bid  
The Classic Muse, for ages hid,  
    Majestic once more shine,  
    Raised by her hand divine—

As, when a cold cathedral proud,  
Extinct in midnight's sombre shroud,  
Revives—a nobler fane—  
A-blaze at every pane.

The New World heard with eager mien,  
And sighed that Ocean rolled between ;—  
For spite our toiling way,  
Art here holds dawning sway  
And, flushed with hope, Columbia knows  
The wave of Art still westward flows,  
And, brightening, on must run  
Till it strike the setting sun.

Melpomene's favored child, Rachel,  
Meanwhile each night renewed her spell—  
The Thespian lyre of France  
For her shook off its trance—  
And, at her voice, the captive throng  
In rapture's chains were borne along—  
While brave men's cheeks grew pale  
And young the great CORNEILLE.

Through Europe's capitals she swept—  
And Briton, Gaul, and Tartar wept—  
    'Twas hers the heart to wring  
    Of emperor, czar, and king.  
Gifts, incense everywhere, and bays,  
Were showered on her flowery ways—  
    And gems—ne'er worn till now,  
    Save by a regal brow.

At length, thrice welcome, thou dost stand  
Here—in our long-expectant land,  
    And noble, simple, true,  
    Thy Genius glads our view.  
Thy words are strange, yet thy grand Art  
Translates them to the general heart—  
    Thou reignest queen of all  
    Whose eyes upon thee fall !

May thy high type of classic Art  
A generous strife to us impart,  
    And graceful light effuse  
    On our poor Tragic Muse,

That we may know, when thou art fled,  
Thy beams not vainly here were shed—  
Thou, whose great fame, Rachel,  
In our souls shall ever dwell !

### EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

If they who guard thee cannot spare  
The loveliest flower in Beauty's bower—  
If they require thy presence fair  
To scatter sweetness round each hour—

Tell them, to-night at least, thy friends  
In sad suspense implore thy coming,  
That mercy calls where love attends,  
And mercy is to grace becoming.

Then, if they still will cling to thee,  
Though these may poorly fill the duty,  
Let these sweet flowers *their* solace be,  
And grant *to us* thy moss-rose beauty.

## “OUT ON THE BALCONY.”

SORT breezes blew—and overhead  
The “pale, inconstant” planet shed  
    A silver light on Sallie;  
Its radiance fell on my straw hat,  
    On housetop—pavement—alley:  
But round the spot where Sallie sat  
    It seemed most pleased to dally.  
’Twas there it poured its softest ray,  
    It there most brightly dwelt,  
On her fair cheek it there did play,  
    There Sallie ceased—to melt.

Oh! what a touching voice she had—  
    How beautiful she seemed!



No longer bad, no longer sad,  
I felt revived—my soul was glad—  
    In sooth, I must have dreamed.  
Her face was halo'd by the moon,  
Her eye surpassed the sun at noon,  
    Each word was like a star,—  
She was sad, sweet—then full of fun,  
Oh ! ne'er did moments swifter run  
    With less their bliss to mar !  
My very heart leaped up to sing,  
And I was happier than a king.

She may have wished that young J. J.  
Or some fresh Lord now in our Bay,  
    Had filled my honored station,  
For, since Prince Albert passed this way,  
    She's joined the British nation.  
She breathed it not—but kept on still  
Charming from richness of good will—  
    I asked for nothing more.  
When all is bright, to think of ill  
    Were folly thrice told o'er.

She may have charmed me, *faute de mieux*,

She *charmed* me—

Perhaps harmed me—

I thank my stars—and her *beaux yeux*.

### WITH A BOUQUET.

**MAY** she whose bright smile  
Has strewn sweetest of flowers  
O'er my path as I've strolled  
Through pleasure's fair bowers,  
Accept a true friend's  
Slight attempt to repay  
Those flowers so sweet  
In this simple bouquet.

## TO A FAIR DÉBUTANTE,

THE YOUNGER OF TWO BEAUTIFUL SISTERS—ON SENDING  
HER FLOWERS FOR HER FIRST BALL.

A DIAMOND star had a sister of pearl,  
And a moon-silvered cloud was their home ;  
The diamond star joined the galaxy's whirl,  
And was fairest in heaven's fair dome.  
Her sister of pearl, like a bird in its nest,  
Ventured not from her hallowed retreat,  
But in peace twinkled on, till time's welcome  
behest  
Should release her in radiance complete.

At length, in all beauty she beamed on men's  
eyes,  
And the two sister stars were the gems of the  
skies.

Like the sweet star of pearl, fair Ianthe this  
night

For the first sheds her beams on the world—  
Time's wing cuts her life with a parting of  
light,

And hope's flowery vista 's unfurled.  
From the charms of sweet home and a moth-  
er's kind care,

Side by side the fair sisters now go ;  
And to-night, more than ever, all hearts breathe  
the prayer :

Peace be all they are destined to know !

And now, gentle lady, consent that a friend  
With the homage of others his homage may  
blend.

## THE EXILE,

(OR, PISISTRATUS CAXTON ON HIS WAY TO AUSTRALIA  
AFTER PARTING WITH FANNY TREVANION.)

With heavy heart and flowing eyes,  
The exile watched the setting sun—  
The waves were quiet—and the skies  
Were soft, and sad to look upon.  
No friend was nigh to share his tears,  
No ear to list with kind intent,  
No voice that soothes—no smile that cheers—  
No eye on him in softness bent.  
Alone 'mong strangers was he cast,  
And life's sole charm lay in the past.

The sun shone golden on the wave  
Which wafted back the light it gave,  
And peace so reigned along the sea  
That e'en glad hearts beat pensively.  
Reclining o'er the vessel's side  
The exile watched the sunlit tide,  
And, bound by sunset's soothing hour,  
He sadly yielded to its power.

And, like sweet tidings borne away  
Upon the carrier-pigeon's wing,  
His thoughts flew back, on sunset's ray,  
To where his heart most loved to cling.  
The joys of home again were known—  
Affection's smile relit its beam,  
And that fair form from which he'd flown  
Rose sweetly o'er his mournful dream.

To chase the thought of her away—  
To break the spell in which she bound him,  
He'd fled from home—but each new day  
As hopeless, joyless, still had found him.

The misty dawn would scarce be gray  
But he would rise to meet the sun,  
As if, in lighting her, its ray  
Some kindred charm unknown had won.

Along the deck with downcast eye  
He'd pace for hours in rev'rie lost,  
Envyng the waves which, gliding by,  
On home's loved shore would soon be tost.  
At times he sought the mainmast head,  
Where, undisturbed, alone, and sad,  
He lingered o'er each word she'd said  
When life had seemed in sunshine clad.

At times some way-lost bird he scann'd  
Whom fate had driven to his feet,  
And felt as if stern sorrow's hand  
Bade both their hearts in union beat.  
When darkness came and others slept,  
No balmy rest to him was known—  
No drowsy wings his eyelids swept—  
His nest was one whence peace had flown.



Thus each long hour through day and night  
Was spent, communing with the past—  
Restoring olden ties to light,  
Like dead leaves stirred by autumn's blast.  
Time's feet to him wore ball and chain,  
And life to him was one long sigh—  
Hope's voice had ceased its gladsome strain  
And joy's bright lamp seemed quenched  
for aye.

No sea, whose waves the gales of June  
Lift sparkling to the face of noon,  
E'er showed the sunlight's dallying trace  
More oft renewed upon its face,  
Than, in his heart, one image dear,  
Ruling his soul throughout its sphere,  
With every thought appeared to blend,  
Renewed, reflected without end—  
Intwined with all that fondest seemed,  
And all he sighed for, wept, or dreamed.

The sun had sunk beneath the sea  
In gorgeous, deep tranquillity—  
The skies blushed back a soft adieu,  
And evening's star gleamed on the view—  
Soft twilight worked its melting spell,  
And sorrow's tears ungoverned fell.  
How sweetly once in such a light  
Had her dear smile rejoiced his sight—  
One spring-tide eve, when, walking slow,  
His words broke forth in fervent flow,  
And, first unveiling all his heart,  
He learned how soon they two must part !

'Twas hard to think life's hope was gone,  
To feel his night would know no dawn,  
Yet sweeter far to thus recall  
What lay beneath the past's dark pall—  
To roam amid the golden joys  
Which fate uproots, but not destroys—  
To steep the soul, as in a dream,  
In memory's sad, but grateful stream—

Than seek, by joining laugh and shout,  
To drive this fond remembrance out.

He rested long in reverie there,  
His hands half-clasped as if in prayer ;  
And when at length he rose to go,  
Stemming awhile his sorrow's flow,  
He paused to gaze upon the skies  
Black with the tempest soon to rise,  
And saw amid the clouds' grim pile  
One star retaining still her smile—  
'Mid storm and whirlwind still serene,  
Spectatress calm of this dark scene,  
And sole mark left to mortal eye  
That told the glories of the sky.

How like this star was his sad dream !  
He found in memory's ling'ring beam  
The last bright trace of joys, now fled,  
Which once such rapturous lustre shed !  
Alas ! that their consoling light  
Should be so soon extinct in night !

## THE SLEIGH RIDE.

BY A SUFFERER FROM ONE OF THE SLEIGH-BELLES.

### I.

#### THE DEPARTURE.

THE sun rides high in the clear blue sky,  
And the crisp north wind goes whistling by,  
    With a clip  
    And a nip  
    At the tip  
Of every nose that it passes nigh.  
The coachmen are clad in long blue capes,  
The bundled-up ladies have Esquimaux shapes,  
The men are wrapped up, to the tip of the  
    nose,  
And the little black waiter boy 's nearly froze.

The cart wheels creak as they roll in the snow,  
And pedestrians slip on the pavement,  
The mercury 's fell in a fit to zero,  
And Aunt Emily stands at the casement !

The clock has struck twelve ! And with ante-  
lope haste,  
Each lady comes flashing down stairs—  
They're out with a spring ! Not a moment they  
waste—  
And now stand on the sidewalk in pairs.

Like gazelles on the crags of the great Al-  
Mamoun,  
The ladies bound in. 'Tis a minute past noon !  
With spirited speed  
Each tinkling steed  
Shakes his bells in the clear frosty air,  
And swiftly each sleigh  
Like an arrow makes way,  
While the citizens stand—and stare !

## II.

## THE PARTY.

Two fair ladies lead off, attended by Lyde,  
And a violet in furs takes a seat by his side.  
The chap'ron comes next to preside o'er the  
day,  
And then, two brunettes, to illumine the way.  
The frost makes their eyes doubly sparkling  
and fair,  
While balls of white worsted dance down on  
their hair.  
Their spirits are light as a glass of champagne,  
And a flow of enchantment around them doth  
reign.  
Their cheeks far outdazzle the bloom of the  
peach,  
And their lips unto cherries a lesson could  
teach;  
Two maidens so bright 'twas entrancing to  
see—  
Oh, who did not envy their blest *vis-à-vis* ?

James, of Waverley Place, has unbottled his  
wits,  
And Shore at his left in serenity sits ;  
While the third, whom you know, is observing  
the ray  
Of those beautiful eyes in the back of the  
sleigh.

The brilliant Miss Jenny, and William the  
kind,  
Have taken their seats in a sleigh far behind ;  
While proud Geraldine, in a shower of splen-  
dor,  
Finds John and Nathaniel about to surrender.

Like a cluster of stars, the bright Jenny's *bon-  
mots*  
Flash joy o'er the hearts of this trio of beaux ;  
While down like an army of glittering lances,  
Fair Geraldine comes with her scintillant  
glances,

Carrying away the most stoic of men—  
They scarcely know whither—nor wherefore—  
nor when.

## III.

## THE JOURNEY.

How brightly the sun glitters down from the  
blue,  
And reveals to the eye this grand winter view !  
How the bells jingle !  
How the feet tingle !  
And how quickly the cold—gets inside of a  
shoe !  
How the wind blows  
Past the tip of the nose,  
As on the sleigh dashes,  
Regardless of crashes,  
Past houses and horses, sledges and courses,  
Like Phaeton conducting Apollo's famed  
horses !



How the road far behind us  
Seems at once to remind us  
Of that glorious, grand Scandinavian tale,  
Where heaven's made up of fine sleighing and  
hail !

Oh, the glorious party,  
How happy and hearty,  
Ladies and gentlemen, all of them seem !  
Oh ! my eyes ! are they open, or is it a dream ?

How each sleigh  
Speeds away  
With a thousand more behind it !

See it dashing  
Out of sight—  
Like gleams flashing  
In the night !

And now put your glasses on—and find it !  
Gone ! gone ! swift and light,  
Far beyond the scope of sight !  
Thus ere long the fair Sabrina  
Will have fled to Carolina—

And merry-lovers will be seen  
Searching round for Geraldine!

Hark the voices gaily laughing  
Mark the lovers fondly quaffing

Drops of joy

Without alloy

By the side of maidens coy!

Mark their tongues

And their lungs!

How they chatter!

What a clatter!

Did you ever

• Hear such clever,

Spicy, lively, lovely creatures,

With such winning, witching features!

Oh, I never,

Surely never,

Never dreamt of pleasure finer

Than that seat beside Sabrina.

Far behind us Yorkville flies—  
Now we hurry  
With a flurry  
Where the heights of Harlem rise.  
Mark you now the urchins skating  
On the gleaming Harlem River—  
See them sliding, tumbling, aching,  
Yet enraptured—though they shiver !

Now a cloud's upon the sun—  
Now it shakes  
Down some flakes  
In our faces—oh, what fun !  
Now 'tis ended,  
And the sun again is splendid !  
Now, we're bounding,  
How astounding,  
O'er a creaking, squeaking bridge—  
Now a shrill and sharp northwester  
Whistles down from bleak Westchester  
And puts the driver in a fidge !

Now the country 's caught the mania  
As we clatter  
And we patter  
Through the ways of Morrisania,  
Past the people,  
Past the steeple,  
Like John Gilpin in Britannia.  
Bless my stars !  
We've beat the cars !  
Whoa—o—oh !!  
O—o—oh !!  
The ride is done—  
Oh, what fun !

(Here I pause  
Just because  
I've no time  
To write more rhyme.  
And now, dear reader, here's good-night,  
The rest, to-morrow, I may write !)

## IV.

## THE COLLATION.

The coats are off, the hats are hung,  
And shawls and shoes about are flung;  
Around the fire in circle seated,  
Two dozen feet are getting heated;  
A dozen tongues are chatting lightly;  
Two dozen eyes are shining brightly,  
And far within thick coats of wool  
A dozen hearts are beating full.

Soon comfort sweet descends upon  
These eager advocates of fun—  
And just *because* their feet are dry  
Through deepest snow again they hie.

But stop! ho! halt! haste one, haste all!  
The fair Sabrina's had a fall!  
Like a great avalanche descending  
Upon a hamlet unoffending,

Behold brave Shore, by impulse swayed,  
Rush to her side to proffer aid—  
And like a flower that bends its head,  
Then lifts it up, fresh sweets to shed,  
Behold Sabrina rise once more  
Lovelier, rosier, than before.  
While far beyond, with eager flow,  
Through open fields and drifted snow,  
Fair Geraldine, escorted, gay,  
Like to a princess trips away—  
And like a star, when clouds arise,  
Is soon concealed to friendly eyes !

(SCENE CHANGES. *A magnificent feast set out in the banquet hall of a friendly mansion. The guests standing round the table, about to take their seats.*)

FIRST GENTLEMAN (*rising—con molto espressione*).

“Ladies and lovers ! let each take a seat !  
Ladies and gentlemen ! eat, I entreat !  
Here is some turkey—and there’s a *pâté* !  
Ladies and gentlemen ! help yourselves, pray !

Here are some glasses, and there is the wine,  
Fill up for bumpers—be merry—and dine !  
William, my neighbor, takes charge of the  
    lamb,  
And friend Peter yonder will slash at the  
    ham !  
Gentlemen ! Hear me ! Be true to your post,  
And see that the ladies prepare for a toast !  
'Tis a sentiment fit for a cold winter's day—  
I give you, my friends : *The belles of the*  
    *sleigh !* ”

SECOND GENTLEMAN (*confused*).

“ Truly, my friends—being honored—this way,  
Hem—hem !—unprepared—at a loss—what to  
    say !  
But the pleasure—to-day, hem !—enjoyed by  
    us all,  
For one toast—I am sure, hem !—just now—  
    seems to call ;

I know 'twill receive—a response—warm and  
hearty :

*To the lady and friend who presides o'er the  
party."*

MADAME, THE CHAPERON (*in her seat*).

" We appoint my friend here to express in our  
cause,

Warm thanks to our friends for their kindly  
applause."

THIRD GENTLEMAN (*with enthusiasm*).

" Ladies and gentlemen ! Kindest of friends !  
When Madame commands—I'm the man that  
attends !

But full though my *heart* be of what I would  
say,

My *words* seem all running the opposite way ;  
So, not wishing to take up too much of your  
time,

I'll give you a toast—the sentiment's *prime* ;



I drink to the health of one joyous and bright—  
*The spicy Miss Jenny—a sleigh ride's delight."*

## FOURTH GENTLEMAN.

"I'm too quiet a man a long speech to recite—  
So, to something more pleasing your thoughts  
I invite ;  
I give you : *The conductor of Fancy's bright  
car,  
Piquante Geraldine, an admiring world's  
star."*

## FIFTH GENTLEMAN.

"With myself, every person that came in the  
sleighs,  
Will unite in our hostess' thrice-deserved  
praise,  
Her kindness, attention, devotion to all,  
Like a shower of light on our hearts seems to  
fall.

A bumper, my friends, then, and best wishes  
too,

*To the lady to whom to-day's pleasures are  
due."*

\* \* \* \* \*

ANOTHER GENTLEMAN.

"Such gay speeches, to-day, we have listened  
to here,

To invoke your attention e'en briefly I fear.

But one lady I'll toast, ere the party departs,  
Whom all have in their eye—and *perhaps* in  
their *hearts*.

So, ladies and gentlemen, while the wine passes,  
Lend me your ears, and replenish your glasses ;  
And while others may toast, with their fanciful  
powers,

A brilliant succession of stars and of flowers,  
I beg to entwine 'mid that glittering whirl  
A gem beyond value—*Sabrina the Pearl !*"

*(This toast, as well as each of its predecessors, having elicited marks of intense approbation, the collation pursues its course, amid great excitement and merriment. After a while, the LAST GENTLEMAN, slowly rising, speaks as follows):*

“ While all around us seems so bright,  
And high each soul with joy is beating,  
Along the edge of yon gray height  
I see the orb of day retreating.  
And soon these fields, now gay and white,  
Will mourn the day’s departed light.  
Thus, too, our hearts, so happy here,  
Must soon be dimmed with sorrow’s tear.

“ Forgive me, friends ! I would not mar  
A scene so fair with thoughts so sad,  
But some now here will soon fly far,  
And vainly would I now seem glad.  
Four happy months have now flown by  
Since Autumn drew us all together,  
And we have felt, whate’er the sky,  
Within our hearts ’twas sunny weather.

The frequent meetings, gay and kind,  
The converse sweet of minds refined,  
The lively jest allowed to roam,  
The social seat in beauty's home,  
The sweeter thought that we could blend  
With all these joys the name of friend—  
These all were wont each day to cheer—  
And now their close each day draws near.

“ In two brief weeks, this friendly band  
With farewell steps will touch the strand,  
And, down our glorious hill-girt Bay,  
From hearts sincere will sail away.  
Then time will wear a slower wing,  
And o'er each hour its shadow fling,  
While we behind will often meet  
To dwell upon past moments sweet,  
And wonder if, 'neath Southern skies,  
Such thoughts to them at times arise !

“ The day, my friends, is wellnigh spent,  
And soon we must be homeward bent ;

But joys there are at times to man,  
Which gild all life's remaining span.  
And sure I am, in future years,  
When life is stripped of all save tears,  
The thought of this delightful scene  
Shall fill our souls with joy serene,  
Bidding once more Miss Jenny's eyes  
Across our view in brightness rise,  
And sweet Miss Annie's kindly grace  
Its softening music there retrace ;  
While, like two swans that stately ride  
Adown some golden sunlit tide,  
Amid the marks most fair and clear  
Upon the stream of memories dear,  
In peerless beauty will be seen  
Sabrina sweet, and Geraldine ! ”

With this he slow resumed his seat,  
And host and guest prepared retreat,  
And each one soon was in his sleigh,  
In sweetness musing o'er the day—  
Alas ! that *such* should pass away !

## ON A YOUNG LADY'S SLIPPER.

ON HEARING THAT SHE USED IT, ON HER RETURN FROM  
A PARTY, TO KILL MOSQUITOS ON THE WALL.

WHAT! the little pink slipper I've watched  
with a thrill—

That object so dainty made use of to kill!

What! the shoe that so playfully peeped to  
and fro,

Dealing death all around with its rosy tiptoe!

Oh! this vision would sadden the beaux who  
at balls

Watch this Lilliput shoe as it gracefully falls!

---

Yes, 'twould grieve them to witness that sandal  
so mincing

Give the creatures that buzz such a murder-  
ous wincing !

Oh, startling to them would it seem thus to  
view

So winning a maid with so killing a shoe !

And sad to discover that one of the Graces

With terrible Mars should consent to change  
places !

Yet, perchance, were they given to serious  
thought,

They'd find the maid's shoe by her eyes had  
been taught—

For her glance is more fatal to mortals who  
meet her,

Than the tip of her shoe to a little mosquito.

### THE NEW-BORN STAR.

As, when the south wind gently woos away,  
Beneath Diana's chaste, resplendent ray,  
Some frowning cloud, which, muffling up the  
sky,  
Conceals from view Night's opulence on high,  
A flood of radiance bursts o'er hill and plain,  
And Nature, smiling, bathes in silver rain ;  
So, when thy tapering hand withdrew the veil  
Whose silken net is Beauty's coat of mail,  
And in concentrated force disclosed to view  
The light thy sparkling eyes around thee  
threw,  
Did sense of dazzling charms my soul entrance,  
And bid love banquet on thy merry glance.



Then, as each glowing look escaped thine eye,  
Like meteor flashing from a summer sky,  
Did holy fire invade my willing breast,  
And kindle flames which never more can rest.  
Then rang in merry music to mine ear  
The joyous pealings of thy laughter clear,  
As if a band of sportive nightingales  
Had all at once run up and down the scales.  
Then gleamed thine eyes, with merry thoughts  
    made bright,  
The offspring of thy sparkling fancy's might,  
Which all the while maintained its brilliant  
    play,  
Like sunlit fount upon a summer's day.

What marvel, then, such sweet surpassing grace  
'Mid rival charms prove foremost in the race!  
What marvel, too, that joy should spread her  
    wings,  
And memory still torment me with her stings,

Since, ere in words my feelings found relief,  
Thou fledst, like dewdrop gliding down a leaf,  
And bore thyself and happiness away—  
Renewing night at very break of day.

Ah ! happy moments, bright convergent goal  
Of every joy that sways the human soul,  
Ye are flown ! like birds on a winter's day,  
Which come, sing once, then wing themselves  
away !

Brief, brief indeed ye were—and bright as  
brief !

'Mid life's myriad thorns, sole roseate leaf !

And must I, fairest, never meet thee more ?  
Must endless years one bygone hour deplore ?  
O Jove ! thou on whose nod hangs human fate,  
Consent—if never more in mortal state  
We're doomed to meet—one common future  
lot

Unite our souls in some Elysian spot,

Where we, through Eden rounds of sunny  
hours,

May roam for aye content amid its bowers,  
And chasing love along the milky way,  
Illume the welkin with earth's brightest ray,  
Till mortals, wondering at these gleams afar,  
Rend space with praises of the new-born star !

## LOST—A BLACK AND TAN.

My dear Miss Julia D——,  
As I was sipping tea,  
And mincing my sardine  
The bohea sips between,  
This morning at the Club,  
(Old Foggy which we dub !)  
My roaming vision fell,  
Oh ! horrible to tell,  
With queer, capricious caper,  
Along the *Times* newspaper—  
Page three, where “ *Lost and Found* ”  
And “ *Board* ” and “ *Wants* ” abound.

---

And on that page I read,  
 With face suffused with dread :  
 "Lost ! Lost ! Last Sunday night,  
 Perhaps 'twas yet twilight,  
 While snuffing the fresh air  
 Round Washington's cool square,  
 A terrier, black and tan,  
 Who answered as he ran  
 (That little English cur  
 Has superfinest fur),  
 To the queer name of *Spider*—  
 (His owner 's quite beside her).  
 FIVE DOLLARS to the man  
 Who'll bring the black and tan  
 Back to the weeping mourner  
 At No. 1—(the corner)."

My heart for grief did ache—  
 I couldn't touch the steak,  
 And tears ran warm between  
 Each nibble of sardine.

Quoth I, "Dear me! how can  
This pampered black and tan,  
Whose suppers made him dream,  
Live *sans pâtés, sans cream*?  
Can Julia smile again  
Without her *petit chien*?  
And all the family, how  
Can they be cheerful now?

"Say, what will bring back glee  
To that once gay coterie?  
What will the guests discuss,  
Now Spider makes no fuss?  
And what will quaintish Jim  
Carp at, in lieu of him?  
And what will J. T. do  
If Spider stays *perdu*?  
And those reception days,  
The same as Mrs. K.'s,  
What topic will prevail  
Instead of Spider's tail,

His smooth-haired, short-napped fur,  
And, "Don't mind Spider, sir" ?

Oh ! dear Miss Julia D——,  
If only you could see  
How much for you I feel,  
How much I'd like to heal,  
Like good consoling Christian,  
This black and tan affliction,  
You wouldn't think me queer  
For calling you my dear,  
But like me all the better  
For writing you this letter.

## WHY I CALL YOU MY DEAR.

AN APOLOGY FOR HAVING INADVERTENTLY CALLED A  
YOUNG LADY "MY DEAR."

THERE'S something so luring, my gentle Miss  
Zell,

In the velvety glance of your eye,  
And something so fresh in the magical spell  
That bewitches our hearts when you sigh,  
And something besides in your rich rosy pout  
So certain our spirits to cheer,  
That I often forget what my lips are about,  
And unthinkingly call you my dear,  
And unthinkingly call you my dear.



And there's something so glad in the musical  
    peal

    That reminds us of birds, when you laugh,  
I frequently think, if your heart I could steal

    I would give of my life, at least half.

And there's something so sweet in the mystical  
    doubt

    Which at first bids us hope, and then fear,  
That I often forget what my lips are about,

    And quite carelessly call you my dear,

    And quite carelessly call you my dear.

And your movements display such perfection  
    of grace,

    As you trippingly glide through the dance,  
That the Graces, if ever they stood in your  
    place,

    To excel you, would stand a poor chance.  
From the midst of such perils I may try to  
    sail out,

But ere I have learned where to steer,  
I too often forget what my lips are about,  
And unthinkingly call you my dear,  
*But—most honestly* call you my dear.

## **EPITHALAMIUM.**

**SINCE** our flag of flirtation  
Forever is furled,  
In future, let's be  
The best friends in the world.

TO A FEMALE BUTTERFLY.

ALAS, if hearts had only eyes !

If they but were more coy and canny,  
They'd oft be spared a strange surprise,  
And shun the wiles of sweet Miss Annie.

For, dear Miss Annie, when I left

Those favored haunts of love and sulphur,  
My soul still flew through memory's cleft  
To find in Sharon an engulfer.

Where'er I went, there Sharon rolled,  
Its finest rolling was your glances,

That lovely spring I'd still behold—  
The lovely spring of your soft dances.

That noble view was ever near,  
Far o'er the broad horizon spreading,  
But, through it all, what shone most clear,  
Was the soft radiance you were shedding.

The music still beguiled my ear—  
The balls still flew along the alley—  
That music which your lips made clear—  
Whose "*double spares*" allowed no rally.

In such glad thoughts I sped along,  
And artless, sweet, you stood before me,  
The graces bid you join their throng,  
And pleasant musings onward bore me.

Ere long, in Saratoga's halls,  
An Ariel strange with news besets me :  
Thy victims by the score he calls,  
And with their hapless fortunes frets me.

Bewitching—cruel ! sweet—severe !

'Tis quite beyond my poor believing—

Is it so hard to be sincere—

Or is there pleasure in deceiving ?

I pause—in sadness—on the brink !

'Tis time—though still the charm is round  
me !

I strive !—yet cannot snap the link,

The golden link in which you've bound me !

## THE CLOUD AND THE STAR.

A CLOUD one evening sighed to win  
A twinkle from a favorite star—  
But all in vain—the star stood cold,  
And not a sparkle left her car.  
And yet the cloud sought no new light,  
But, faithful to his absent ray,  
In silence prayed one sweet beam might  
His sadness chase at last away.

Were Jenny's smile that star's soft ray,  
And my poor self the cloud enchanted,  
Might not these flowers that prayer convey—  
And, if so, would that prayer be granted ?

## THE FOUNTAIN TRANSFORMED;

OR, THE PLEA OF KITTY THE COQUETTE.

ON the leaf of a lily the grasshoppers stood,  
And their chirp died away in the mountain—

The midsummer ray poured its light through  
the wood,

And danced in the foam of the fountain.

The fountain was sparkling in silvery gleams,

Like bayonets bright in a battle,

And the spray, as it kissed the glistening  
streams,

Breathed upward a musical prattle.



The grasshoppers there, with a noisy lament,  
Were bewailing their lowly position—  
And the fount, as it heard, caught the deep  
discontent,  
And was seized with a dream of ambition.  
Then a voice of enchantment arose from the  
stream,  
And shook with its echoes the mountain,  
As it pledged unto each to accomplish the  
dream  
Of the grasshoppers sad and the fountain.

“I would be,” said the fountain, “a damsel of  
grace,  
And renowned for the wit of my answers,”—  
And the grasshoppers chose as the happiest  
place  
To live in the ball-room as dancers.  
Then a talisman-wand round the grasshoppers  
sped,  
And at once they became “lady-jumpers,”

And their titles were Johnnie and Jimmy and  
Ned,  
(The last 'twere as well to style *bumpers*.)

Then the fountain itself passed in magic away  
To the sound of the sorcerer's ditty,  
And the drops that were wont in the sunshine  
to play  
Became the bright eyes of dear Kitty ;  
And the rainbows that lent their celestial tints  
To adorn the fresh jets ever gleaming,  
Were transformed into smiles whose electrical  
prints  
Are so oft on her countenance beaming.

And the soft airy brightness which hung in the  
spray,  
As it played in the sun's brilliant glances,  
Lived again in the figure of Kitty so gay  
As she floated away in the dances,

And the restlessness which was the life of the  
fount

Became part of the life of sweet Kitty—  
And *this* shows why her heart keeps of sighs  
no account,

Nor bestows on mankind the least pity ;  
For, if 'tis her *nature* forever to change,

Now shining, like the sun, and now setting,  
We surely should not view her conduct as  
strange,

If she spend all her days in *coquetting*.

## UNCLE TOBY.

[UNCLE TOBY (the "*nom de plume*" of a member of a literary and jovial club called the *Noctes*) is greeted with the following, on his return, after an absence of eighteen months in England.]

'Twas in the emerald month of June,  
One morning bright and clear,  
The good old town of Liverpool  
Was startled with a cheer—  
'Twas Uncle Toby's last adieu  
While stepping off the pier.

For eighteen months the London dew  
Had settled on his nose,

For eighteen months the stream of joy  
By exile's blast was froze ;  
His heart was chill, his soul was chill—  
He was chilly to his toes.

At length the chain of banishment  
Was lifted from his soul ;  
A sea of rapture o'er his heart  
At once began to roll.  
He danced for joy, till in his boots  
His dancing wore a hole.

The grief that sat beside his heart,  
Nor ever ventured out,  
Would soon have made him wondrous thin,  
Like a spider's web, no doubt.  
But he lived high on smoke and fog,  
And famous London Stout.

Once, only once, he smiled—'twas when  
He crossed fair Julia's door !

He drew her hand inside his own—  
His lips came close before—  
She smiled, she blushed, she turned aside—  
We'll mention nothing more.

At last, in glee, he told his friends  
He must leave them for afar—  
He packed his trunks, he kissed the maid,  
He sat down in the car.  
The spark that left the engine's flue  
Seemed rapture's dawning star.

The good old Uncle Toby stood,  
Next morning, bright and sunny,  
In such high spirits on the pier,  
He looked, indeed, quite funny.  
He felt as if he were a fly,  
And all the sea were honey.

He wore a pair of pantaloons,  
In hue resembling snuff,

So ample, that for two full men  
Was more than room enough ;  
Three tasty studs adorned his breast,  
And two more clasped each cuff.

His locks, as usual, played in curls—  
His noble brow was hid ;  
The intellect of Bacon, with  
The chivalry of Cid.  
His smile was bright, and kept concealed  
A slow revolving *quid*.

The steamer 's off. Now, pass we o'er  
The fortnight on the ocean ;  
Poor Toby 's mortal after all !  
He could not stand the motion.  
With mustard hot they rubbed his chest,  
His waistband with a lotion.

How often, when, on stormy nights,  
They gave his ribs a rub,

Would fancy seek to ease his pain  
By winging toward this Club !  
Diogenes ne'er knew such woe  
Within his little tub !

On sunny days he'd pace the deck  
And watch the dashing foam ;  
Each wave appeared, with its bright face,  
A messenger from home.  
His soul was spangled o'er with hope,  
Like heaven's starlit dome.

At length, the cry of " Land ! " was raised ;  
" Gods ! did I rightly hear ? "  
" Aye, land, sir, land ! " " 'Tis home, sweet  
home ! "

And Toby gave a cheer.  
He turned his head—then, wiped his eye—  
'Twas no unmanly tear.

Joyfully danced a score of hearts  
As Toby's name flew round ;



With kindred first, with Noctes next,  
He welcome honest found.  
And under many a corset bone  
A timid heart did bound !

Fond hearts were there exulting high  
At Toby's glad return ;  
And Toby's breast with grateful joy  
Responsive long shall burn !  
And Noctes' hearts, to Time's last click,  
His image shall inurn.

Well, well bestowed this greeting was  
To worth and merit true,  
And oh, may Time oft, oft again  
Such hallowed scenes renew !  
Now, my good friends, we'll take that  
punch,  
And your best Havana too !

### UNRELENTING.

THE leaves may fall before the blast,  
And summer breezes cease to play,  
But Nature will, ere autumn's past,  
Awhile resume the smiles of May.

The harp may cease to charm the ear,  
And pass untuned to sad decay,  
But, as it snaps, some notes, once dear,  
Along the breeze will float away.

The thunder-cloud may dim the skies  
And cast its shadow o'er the day ;  
But sunset will, ere daylight dies,  
Cheer Nature's heart with *one* bright ray.

But Ella's brow, once clouded o'er,  
    Betrays no warm returning beam ;  
And the sweet smile which once she wore  
    Now only shines on Memory's stream.

Ah, Ella sweet ! 'Tis harsh indeed  
    Resentment thus so long to show !  
Forgive ! forget ! and once more bid  
    My clouded days in sunshine flow.

## THE STORY OF THE COLD HEART.

One dark night in midwinter,  
When the world was asleep,  
And the snow in the forest  
Was gathering deep,  
The fairies held council  
In a ring round a fire,  
And imposed on a sister  
This ordeal dire :

She must visit the slumbers  
Of the young and the gay,  
She must watch all their musings  
By night and by day ;

Till a maid she encountered,  
    Gifted, gay, perhaps tart,  
But deprived by sad nature  
    Of that thing called a heart.

And the moment she met with  
    This unfortunate maid,  
She never should rest till  
    A new heart she had made.

Darting, then, through the snowflakes,  
    The spry elf went with speed—  
A hailstone her chariot,  
    And the tempest her steed.  
With a heart full of trouble  
    She travelled all night,  
And morn was near dawning  
    Ere she paused in her flight.  
She examined each maiden,  
    Was she fair, young, or gay,  
But a heart she encountered,  
    At each point of the way.

---

Thus she went, worn with sadness,  
     Through the chill, frosty air,  
 Till at last she was wafted  
     To a large open square.  
 All was dark save one window,  
     Whence a light glimm'ring came ;  
 Which perceiving, the fairy  
     Went in search of its flame.

The mild light of the taper  
     Shed soft lustre around,  
 And revealed to the rover  
     Pretty Liz sleeping sound.

Playful smiles were frolicking  
     Round her bright, ruby lips,  
 And her teeth—they were shining  
     “ Like a basket of chips.”  
 With a lively carnation  
     Her cheeks were suffused,  
 And her eyelids seemed winking,  
     With bright visions amused.

Little cupids were hopping  
In and out of her curls,  
And round her dimples were racing  
In perpetual whirls.

The wanderer trembled  
As she saw this bright face—  
For a heart she was certain  
She would meet in *this* place.  
Still, she thought it were better  
To look round ere she went ;  
And so over the damsel,  
Quite carelessly bent ;  
When, lo ! she discovered,  
With a smile and a start,  
That this maiden, so charming,  
Had all, all—*but a heart*.

“ So at last I have found her ! ”  
Says the elf, with a shout ;  
Then, clapping her fingers,  
Through the window hops out,

And wanders all over,  
In a whirl and a whiz,  
In the hope of inventing  
A new heart for Miss Liz.

She puzzles her fancy  
To contrive some good plan,  
And tries all in succession,  
From a fig to a fan.  
Till at last a thought strikes her,  
(Thoughts *do* strike, as you know),  
And now, see ! she is rolling  
A fresh ball in the snow.

Mark her eyes, how they sparkle !  
With what mischief they gleam !  
And how pleased to be gathered  
The snowflakes all seem !  
How she sings as she shapens  
The cluster of flakes,  
And how archly at Lizzie  
Her finger she shakes !



At length, the snow's fashioned  
To the shape fancy drew !  
And now, she shoots upward  
To the "star-spangled blue,"  
Through the clouds and the whirlwind,  
Through the frost and the night,  
The cold load is transported  
To the regions of light.

From a star gently twinkling,  
She steals the best ray,  
And a celestial sparkle  
From the planet of day ;  
From the robes of fresh morning  
Takes the roseate hue,  
And from heaven's pure azure  
Cuts a patch of deep blue.  
Then encircles these treasures  
Round the ball of fresh snow,  
And once more to Miss Lizzie's  
Hastens back on tiptoe ;

Where, amid her deep slumbers,

Without even a start,

She this ball introduces

In the place of her heart.

Then, the blue that was stolen

From the face of the sky

Soon abandons the snowball,

And ascends to her eye,

And the ray whose first *twinkle*

In the heavens was lit,

Is now brilliantly lending

A fresh charm to her wit ;

While the tint that was taken

From the roseate morn

Is now destined forever

Her bright cheek to adorn ;

And the fire that was stolen

From the face of the sun,

Lends a warmth to her manner,

*Though at heart she has none.*

The fay's task thus accomplished,  
She gives three little cheers,  
And before turning homeward,  
Drops these words in our ears :

“ Marvel not, then, ye lovers,  
If Miss Liz should prove cold,  
When this secret mysterious,  
Ye are privately told.  
At the same time remember,  
Should she touch your heart's chord,  
With the little god's flambeau,  
Even snow can be thawed.”

Now, as I, dear Miss Lizzie,  
Am beginning to scorch,  
I would ask, have you ever  
Felt the warmth of that torch ?

## ELLA'S FROWN.

AIR:—" 'Twas off the Blue Canaries."

'Twas at Miss Lucy's polka party,  
A night or two ago,  
I leaned against the parlor mantel  
In quite a merry glow;  
But when I met her soft blue eyes  
In anger looking down,  
I heaved a sigh to think, alas,  
'Twas lovely Ella's frown!

And when the parting moment came,  
And Ella rustled past,

The sighs my heart kept sending out  
 Came fast and yet more fast.  
 I took one last, one lingering look—  
 A look that cast me down—  
 And then rushed out—oh, spare the tale !  
 There still was Ella's frown !

I've seen the shores of home, sweet home,  
 Fade in the distance dim,  
 And sighed amid deserted scenes,  
 Where once delight had been ;  
 But never have I felt the thrill  
 That cast my spirit down,  
 Like that I felt, when, going out,  
 I met dear Ella's frown !

## THE MUSICIAN'S DREAM.

*Written on hearing that a time-honored ball-room musician had  
fallen asleep in the supper room after a ball.*

THE guests are gone, and peace doth reign  
Supreme in festive halls deserted ;  
Fled is the dance, and hushed the strain  
O'er airy feet erewhile exerted.  
The merry laugh, the secret sigh,  
The sparkling jest, the beaming eye,  
The groups with pulses glowing,  
The eager dancers wheeling by,  
No longer round are flowing.  
Dimly the tapers, flickering low,  
The wavering wrecks of revel show

With blue, uncertain ray,  
And dancing shadows round them throw,  
Like moonlight elves at play.

Upon a couch, in slumber flung,  
Alone within these walls forsaken,  
Exhausted Fritz, his nerves unwrung,  
A moment's rest has taken.  
His stiff gray locks the velvet press,  
While dreams fantastic come to bless  
This Orpheus of the heel unsteady ;  
And shadows grim his nose caress  
In many a dallying eddy ;  
His quiet eyes lie snugly hid  
Beneath each overhanging lid  
Like stars behind a cloud—  
And thus his soul of care is rid  
By slumber's welcome shroud.

In former charms the faded belle,  
When first she sipped at pleasure's well,  
Before his vision rises ;

Again he sees her bosom swell  
With flattery's sweet surprises.  
He marks her bearing proud and high,  
Her rosy cheek, her joy-lit eye,  
Her future bright with hopes undimmed—  
Then sees those hopes prepare to fly,  
Observes the dawning of a sigh,  
Then, eyes with sorrow rimmed.  
The color leaves the gas-worn cheek,  
The sighing train new altars seek,  
And hope prepares its pall ;  
The haughty maid, abandoned, meek,  
Is driven to the wall.

Again, he sees the present wife,  
When first embarked on ball-room life,  
Upon his dream returning—  
Her brow with maiden blushes rife—  
For native quiet yearning.  
With artless grace her race is run—  
She's pleased—is pleasing—courted—won ;



Her flight is o'er ere scarce she's risen,  
A shelter's found in home's firm ark,  
Though fools may call it prison.  
Contentment, health, illumine her brow  
With diadem of grace—  
The faded belle, embittered now,  
Disdaining erst the proffered vow,  
Mourns beauty's vanished trace.

Before his eyes, in rapid round,  
The pageant of the past doth bound,  
In varied garb fantastic—  
The "beardless stripling, big with sound,"  
And flying heel elastic.  
The pompous pedant, filled with self,  
The vacant banker, raised by pelf,  
The blasé rake turned epicure,  
The matron with her subtle art,  
The daughter trained to act her part,  
The maiden true and pure,  
Beside each other jostling, rise,

Pursuing each some fancied prize  
In the carnival of fashion ;  
Till some withdraw, by time made wise,  
And some fall off, with swimming eyes,  
And faces sunk and ashen.

Thus all is changing, all is new—  
The fiddler only, lingers true  
To gayety through all.  
Or sad, or gay, he sits it through,  
And heeds not Time's footfall ;—  
The only link unbroken still  
That tells of joys departed,  
Tears, cares, in vain his eyes may fill—  
He cannot be soft-hearted.  
His strain may speed the bright bon-mot,  
May bid affection's language flow,  
May fan the spirits, prompt the sigh,  
Or make young hearts with hope swell high,  
Yet still, 'mid all, unmoved he sits,  
Not tasting, though dispensing pleasure ;

*Around* him joy, a stranger, flits—  
*He* only *times* the measure.

Upon his brow ten thousand eyes,  
The fresh, bright eyes of by-gone beauties ;  
Upon his ear, ten thousand sighs,  
From hearts first learning love's sweet duties ;  
Before his gaze ten thousand forms,  
The graceful forms of maidens dancing,—  
Have passed for years—as ocean-storms  
Pass o'er a rock 'mid waves advancing.  
And now, when eyes have ceased to glisten,  
And wearied ears decline to listen,  
When leaden feet refuse to dance,  
When hearts forget their youthful trance,  
And conquering Time o'er all may boast,  
He, *he* alone, retains his post,  
Imparting life to younger faces,  
As if the Past had left its ghost  
To warn, while gladdening present races.

## THE SEPARATION.

### I.

FAIR Anna's heart with joy beats high—  
Hope's torch illumines her soft blue eye—  
For night has come, and all is gay  
Within the halls of Gray-Fitz-Gray.

Music trembles through the air—  
Flowers greet her everywhere—  
Founts send forth a silver plashing,  
Lights like gems are brightly flashing ;  
Youths are flirting to and fro,  
Lips are lisping love's sweet matins,  
Waltz is making pale cheeks glow,  
Feet come peeping through rich satins ;

Chinese lamps shine softly down,  
    Doubling thus the gazer's pleasure,  
But oh ! their softness is outdone  
    By winning Anna's glance of azure.  
Smiles are playing round her lips,  
And she is dancing polka-trips,  
While lookers-on admiring stand,  
As if she'd flown from fairy-land,  
For none there is more light or gay  
Within the halls of Gray-Fitz-Gray.

Her hair is light—of Saxon hue—  
Decked in a wreath of tender blue,  
And her soft eyes, which, when at rest,  
Awaken thoughts of spirits blest,  
Are radiant now with gleaming light,  
Reminding one of streams at night,  
Which, smooth and calm when seen by day,  
Then show all heaven's stars at play ;  
And the same joy that lights her face,  
    Breathes spirit to her every motion,

And lends her step such winning grace,  
That all hearts round are in commotion.

Little she deems, thus dancing round,  
Her poor down-hearted friend Robb Stenson,  
To far Pacific regions bound,  
Is soon his journey to commence on.  
But soon the tidings sad she'll know,  
And then her words, with honest feeling,  
A friendly grief shall gently show,  
Her generous nature thus revealing.

Poor Robb is sad, and memory's charm  
Has drawn him far from all before him—  
(Let him beware lest some swift arm,  
In waltzing past, should strike and floor  
him ;)

His large black eyes have lost their fun—  
His bushy hair is quite undone—  
His whiskers stand in sadness out—  
And he that watches, scarce can doubt

Some cloud has darkened Robb's great heart,  
And makes him loath from home to part.

## II.

Robb's heart is tracing old times o'er—  
Now Sharon's joys revive once more—  
Now each bright scene exists anew,  
And sparkles in his raptured view.

And his vast orbs are opened wide  
To let the rush of memory's tide  
Find easy access to his soul  
And sweep it through from pole to pole.

\*  
\*   \*   \*   \*   \*  
\*   \*   \*   \*   \*

## III.

So Stenson mused, and so grew sad,  
So lost in grief, he scarcely had  
A thought of aught around him,

(Unheeding e'en the smiling glance  
That stole o'er shoulders in the dance),  
So close the vision bound him.  
For 'twas so hard, where life was bright,  
Where pleasure shone with syren light,  
And all was captivation,  
To strike one's hopes in their full flight,  
And hurl them down from their proud height,  
With thought of separation !

But, as rich mottoes at our balls,  
Ere supper's half prepared for calls,  
Are charged upon from far and near,  
And in a twinkling disappear—  
Or, as a mist, when gales arise,  
Divides itself, and, flying, dies,—  
So Stenson's thoughts of gloomy cast,  
When Anna smiling near him passed,  
At once departed from their sphere,  
And rose to regions gay and clear ;—  
And never did fair Anna know  
His words more bright or gayly flow,



And never had her sweetness stole  
With deeper magic to his soul.

The hours flew onward light and fast !  
The parting moment came at last !  
And Stenson stood, with mournful face,  
Watching her last departing trace.  
And when he'd breathed his last adieu,  
And she had vanished from his view,  
His heart grew sad—he heaved a sigh—  
He checked the tear that filled his eye—  
And, hast'ning out into the night,  
Was quickly lost to joy and sight.  
Ah ! none e'er went so sad away  
From the bright halls of Gray-Fitz-Gray.

## LINES IN AN ALBUM.

You want a line,  
A little line,  
To help fill up this pretty book ;  
Now, there's one line  
Alone, that's mine,  
And that is fastened to a hook.

Yet if, Miss Lill,  
You only will  
Hold out that line, with smiles as bait,  
Flows not the rill  
Contains the gill  
More glad than I to risk its fate.

ON THE ENGAGEMENT OF A BACHE-  
LOR FRIEND.

THE lamp of delight flickers low in the club,  
And the hearts of the club-men in sable are  
hung,  
For fortune hath given their household a rub !  
A bachelor's knell from Love's belfry has  
rung,  
And his fall through the conclave its shadow  
has flung.

The bachelors grieve, as, with eyes full of tears,  
Remembrance flies back to the nights full of  
joy—

To the times when their hearts shook hope's  
 welkin with cheers,  
 And Gilbert, unpledged, was a bachelor boy,  
 A free boy, whom love yet had not dared to  
 decoy.

Uncle Toby in silence leans back on the wall,  
 And a tear like a diamond gleams on his lid;  
 He remembers how once they kept bachelors'  
 hall,  
 And, reviving the joys which that gay sea-  
 son hid,  
 Lets a muffled sigh steal through a bulwark  
 of *quid*.

The jolly fat Doctor is puffing the weed,  
 And looks in the smoke like a Bacchus in  
 fog—  
 A train of sad musings sweep o'er him with  
 speed,

As, like Rip Van Winkle returned from his  
bog,  
He finds his old cronies fast waxing incog.

The Professor is grave, and caresses the hope  
His lot may at last be as sunny as Gil's ;  
The Rhymer, too sad, foregoes metre and  
trope—  
And Fred, slowly drifting down memory's  
rills,  
Finds blue devils blockading friendship's  
bright mills.

While Gilbert, if sad, shows the sadness of joy,  
Like a star that grows pale to give place to  
the sun ;  
He feels there'd be left in joy's gold no alloy,  
If each club-man were destined life's journey  
to run  
With so charming a mate as the maid he has  
won.

Ah, lovely Lucinda—so sparkling and young,  
And you, Gilbert, good friend of our youth's  
brightest days,  
May plenty and peace in your pathway be  
flung,  
And all the delights ye have shed on our  
ways  
Return to you daily with multiplied rays !

May contentment and health be the steeds of  
life's car,  
With flowers around you and sunshine be-  
fore—  
And oh, may your old friends, like beams from  
a star,  
Escorting you on to the brink of Time's  
shore,  
In one nook of your hearts shed a gleam ever-  
more !

TO MISS SALLY,

ON PRESENTING HER WITH A PAIR OF BASKET EARRINGS,  
MADE BY THE INDIANS AT SARATOGA.

LITTLE trinkets made of wicker,  
Go and swing upon her ear !  
As your swing grows quick and quicker,  
Tell, oh, tell her she is dear !

Go and play among her tresses—  
In her dimples seek retreat !  
Give her pretty cheeks caresses !  
Tell, oh, tell her she is sweet !

Waking, put her in a gale,  
Dreaming, round her visions dally ;  
Tell, oh, tell her Love's in jail,  
Sighing, praying for a *Sally*.



## THE THERMOMETER.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO PLAYFULLY DECLINED RECEIVING A MICROSCOPIC THERMOMETER.

Oh, surely you'll grant one may give without  
harm,  
To so charming a lady so trifling a *charm* ;  
You said "'twas a trifle you ought not to  
take—  
That the glass was so brittle you knew it would  
break."

But better, far better, the silvery thread  
From its little glass prison had vanished and  
fled,

That prove to a friend, in his efforts at pleas-  
ing,

He had risen no higher than just above "*freez-  
ing*."

Little thread of quicksilver! how little you  
knew,

In marking the cold, you marked friendship's  
height too!

And how little the lady who watched you de-  
scend,

Was aware of the fall in the heart of a friend!

## AULD LANG SYNE.

THERE'S a toast, my dear boys, we must drink

In a bumper, to-night, before parting—

A toast of which never I think,

But tears to my eyelids come starting—

An old toast which has drained seas of wine,

And will drain many others hereafter—

'Tis the toast we drink to *Auld Lang Syne*,

To remind us how brief is our laughter.

'Tis a toast which restores us old friends,

And fills us with thoughts sadly pleasant,

And thus Memory gratefully blends

The soft joys of the Past with the Present :

So I give you, my friends : *Auld Lang Syne*—  
    'Tis a tribute we owe to affection,  
And one which will season our wine  
    With a mournful yet happy reflection.

## IMPROMPTU

TO A FAIR SOUTHERNER, DURING THE DISCUSSION OF  
THE "FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW."

THE North is striving far and wide  
To set the South all free ;  
The South responds by dooming us  
To hopeless slavery.

By Southern eyes our Northern hearts  
In silken chains are bound—  
And bound so firm, that never *here*  
Shall "*fugitives*" be found.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON BEING REQUESTED TO CONTRIBUTE TO AN  
ALBUM BY A LADY WHO HAD WORKED ME A PUNCE.

I've been trying, Miss Anna, long trying to  
think

Of a trifle poetic to write you,  
But, spite of the wish, and a river of ink,

'Tis in vain I attempt to delight you.

What a rudeness it is Inspiration "*don't come,*"

When I've sent her "*a kind invitation!*"

'Tis a slight after which 'twere a sin to keep  
dumb,

And a crime not to feel indignation ;

So, here's a reproof to great Poesy's queen  
 For despising my deep admiration—  
 Which I'll send (when I learn where Her Grace  
     may be seen),  
 Addressed to her own habitation.

But how puzzling to settle a deity's home  
     Whose life's but a search after Beauty,  
 And varies like light from a stained glass dome  
     In pontifical temples of duty—  
 Now dwelling in flowers, now basking in light,  
     Now to heaven's blue canopy soaring,  
 And now found in a smile, now in battle's stern  
     fight,  
 Now in tears that a damsel is pouring!

'Tis thus Inspiration, for aye on the wing,  
     Is so difficult, oft, to be taken;  
 Yet, 'tis said there are haunts where more  
     gladly she'll sing,  
 And from whence she can vainly be shaken.

Thus she lies, my dear lady, concealed at all  
times,

In the smiles round your visage that cluster,  
In the tone of your voice, in its musical chimes,  
And your blue eyes' beautiful lustre.

And she shines, like a star, through your bright  
repartees,

When in ball-rooms surrounded you're sit-  
ting—

But, oh ! surely she's never more likely to please,  
Than at home, when you're gracefully *knit-  
ting*.



## A REQUEST,

TO BE FOUND, IN VARIOUS GUISES, IN EVERYBODY'S  
ALBUM.

WHEN thy bark of existence youth's tropic has  
past,

And hope's spotless canvas forever is furled,  
Let the spyglass of mem'ry a moment be cast  
On the spot I have filled in this weak, wick-  
ed world.

And when thus I'm brought back once again  
to thy view,

In the dimness of years may my sins fade  
away,

And thy glass, as it dwells on a friend ever  
true,

Prompt a smile o'er thy visage in kindness to  
stray.

### HOW WELL I REMEMBER.

How well I remember that cold winter's night,

When first you arose to my view !

How you beamed, as you smiled, like a star at  
its height,

And your eyes—oh, how brilliantly blue !

They gleamed with a sparkle of cheerfulest  
light,

Which illumed your sweet dimples below,

And I felt, as I studied their dear gentle might,

How little your charm you did know.

And well I remember our hearts' lively bound

When next we stood rapt at your dancing ;

For your feet, as they turned, turned a head at  
    each round,  
And all felt that "*the foe was advancing.*"

But well I recall greater charms than all  
    these—

I remember the gentle expression  
Of refinement so modest, so certain to please,  
    Which captured our friendship's possession,  
And that frankness of manner and lightness of  
    soul

So opposed to the world's chilly ways,  
That it seemed, when I met you, like leaving  
    the pole,  
To bask in the tropic's bright rays.

WITH AN ANONYMOUS BOUQUET.

CANST not read me from afar,  
Sweetly beaming, beauteous star ?  
Thou, who art so calm, so bright,  
Canst thou guess thy satellite ?

## SUNNY SUE.

### A VISION OF FAIRY-LAND.

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"Dreams are but interludes, which fancy makes ;  
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes ;  
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,  
Which neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be."

---

DRYDEN.

THE author of the following effusion having informed a young lady of his acquaintance, that he had recently passed a night at a country house, where she was in the habit of visiting, he was asked if this interesting coincidence had not given a favorable color to his dreams.

He replied by sending her this account of the vision he had on that occasion, in which a bright pillar of light was seen to descend from the heavens in the very dead of the night, and, as it approached the earth, became imperceptibly merged into the shape of a human being—which, on examination, proved according to the most orthodox rules, to be the only mortal it could be—the heroine of the "spare room," and of the following poem.

THERE is gladness on high—and the adamant  
stars  
Are chanting soft hymns on their crystalline  
cars,  
And from Eden's blue valleys, elysian cheers  
In unison blend with the song of the spheres.  
A host of white angels, in gorgeous array,  
Like sentries keep watch thro' the broad Milky  
Way ;  
While a troop of gay sprites around each glow-  
ing planet  
With the wave of their winglets is stationed to  
fan it,  
Awakening sparks by thus shaking their  
wings  
Which seem twinkles below to terrestrial  
things.  
The demons of fire from a bright lunar  
bow  
In sport shower down shooting-stars thick as  
snow,

While other take seats on a comet's long tail  
And go strolling about in a paradise gale.

In majesty mild sails the moon through the  
    skies,  
Bidding clouds as her escort from darkness  
    arise—  
And, in floods of clear silver, her mellowing  
    rays  
Shed on land and on sea an ethereal blaze.  
Along her pale beams, 'twixt the earth and the  
    sky,  
A cherub Express doth incessantly ply,  
Engaged all night long in transporting on  
    high  
Some Juliet's lament, or some Romeo's sigh.

On earth, all is hushed—the soft breath of the  
    night,  
Despoiling the rose, loads the gale with de-  
    light—



The forest is still—and the dwelling of  
man—

And nought is astir but the elfin's wee  
clan—

They are tripping it glad 'neath the shade of  
the cedar,

And a violet-leaf is the badge of the leader,  
Who presides in great pomp from a throne of  
syringa

And regulates all with the wave of his finger.  
The hand of each fay on his partner's slight  
waist,

By the lightning-fly's sparkle may faintly be  
traced—

On the waters afar, in a lily canoe,  
A party of pleasure is gathering dew,  
While dying away down each jessamine glade  
Float the tiny accords of some fay's serenade.

But oh! a bright flash hath leaped out from  
the sky!

And gilds with its glare all on earth and on  
high !

The alcove of Sol, in the dead of the night,  
Its portals has oped to a pillar of light !  
And, thrilled with amazement, the earth and  
the sea,

The angels on high, and the ouches on the lea,  
The seraphs and stars—in mute earnestness  
bent,

Pause, confused—overwhelmed—at this won-  
drous event.

From heaven's blue dome no more anthems re-  
sound—

The meteors stop in the midst of their bound—  
The cricket is silent—the dancers are still—  
And the waterfall patters no more down the  
hill—

Their perfumes the flowers no longer distil,  
And glimmers no more the moon's ray on the  
rill—

All—all is suspense—heavens, earth, and the  
    sea,  
All watching this flash, so untimely set free.

With celestial grace it takes downward its way,  
Casting off by degrees the effulgence of day  
For a garb which, though telling of heaven's  
    glad portals,  
Is just earthly enough to be gazed at by mortals—

A garb of such radiance, it dazzles the soul,  
And to bask in its halo is Hope's highest  
    goal—

'Tis the garb of a damsel more sparkling than  
    dew,  
Loved—worshipped on earth—as the sunny  
    witch SUE.

And now she's attaining the close of her  
    flight—

As gently—as still—as a sigh of the night.

Her foot from a daisy just dashes the dew  
And now—now—the fairies are full in her  
view.

Her journey is o'er! 'Tis announced from on  
high,

'Tis breathed in the stars, and the ocean's soft  
sigh.

From the towers of heav'n and its battlements  
blue

A lightning-salute flies the universe through—  
The moon-beams resume more than wonted dis-  
play,

And the rivers their course—and the fountains  
their play;

The south wind goes sighing down each balmy  
glade,

And the meteors fall in a sparkling cascade—  
In voluptuous fragrance the blossoms float  
round,

And showers of rose-leaves besprinkle the  
ground—

The elfins join hands 'neath the willow-tree  
shade,  
And indulge with a shout in a brisk gallopade.

Then, the timbrels of seraphs, the hymns of  
the stars,  
And the musical whirl of their crystalline cars,  
And the cheering of cherubs along the clear  
azure,  
And the forest birds' notes as they catch the  
glad measure,  
And the chiming so tiny of sentry-fays' bells  
As they tinkle in rapture from hillocks and  
dells,  
And the warblings delicious of nymphs of the  
stream  
As they peal their soft choir in the mellow  
moonbeam,  
All blend in ecstatic, tumultuous swell  
To welcome and worship this heaven-born belle.

The fairy-queen's court down a hazel arcade,  
To greet her, advance in a long cavalcade—  
Ten thousand small lamps from the twigs drive  
the gloom  
And reveal trains of chariots carved of mush-  
room,  
While columns of incense, the emblem of  
praise,  
Rise gracefully up from the tulip's rich vase.  
Then follow by myriads the goblins on foot,  
O'erflowing each spot where an elf can be  
put—  
The juvenile elves, too, with frolicksome gam-  
bols,  
Are perched all about on the briers and bram-  
bles—  
And, now spreading her wings of the lily's soft  
hue,  
The fairy-queen speeds to salute her guest SUE.

Sunny Sue is reclining, with soft nonchalance,  
In a bower of roses ;—her dark, flashing glance

Through her eyelids half-shut flings its tremu-  
lous ray,  
Like the flame that is seen thro' the cannon's  
smoke gray ;  
Her brow is so bright, so serenely composed,  
It speaks heaven within and the gates but half  
closed,  
And throughout her whole presence there  
breathes such sweet grace  
Her descent from the angels 'tis easy to trace—  
Her half-open lips, 'gainst the clear pearly  
row,  
Seem like strawberries laid on a wreathlet of  
snow—  
And the smiles that play round from her lips  
to her eyes,  
Like gleams of soft lightning in clear summer  
skies,  
Are a pledge that warm feeling is glowing  
within  
And the morrow in sunshine its course will be-  
gin ;

And her gracious expression so full of *esprit*,  
So brilliant, so varied, so witchingly free,  
Is evidence sure of the sparks she'll emit  
When called to take part in a contest of wit—  
And the veil of good nature that mellows it all  
Is a proof that her foe will be spared in his  
fall,  
For, fall he is sure to, whatever his race—  
If not by her wit, he must fall by her grace,  
Or, if not by her grace, by the glow of good  
feeling  
And the thousand sweet charms that her soul  
keeps revealing.

With her heart filled with awe at this beautiful  
view,  
The fairy-queen pauses in front of bright Sue—  
Then, gathering trust from her eyes full of fun,  
She kisses outright the fair maid of the sun.  
'Tis the signal of joy—and ten thousand wee  
cheers  
In showers of music enliven Sue's ears—



The fairy-*noblesse*, each with humming bird's  
plume,

Flit forward to fan her soft cheek's rosy bloom ;  
While some at her feet cast a curious glance,  
And ask, are they not quite too tiny to dance ;  
And some, to observe, on the shrubs take a  
stand—

And some hop about in the palm of her hand—  
And some smooth her hair—and a few kiss  
her cheek,

While some in her dimples play "*Hide and  
Go Seek*,"

Till at length Sunny Sue, fully roused by their  
kindness,

Opens broad her bright eyes—and dooms hun-  
dreds to blindness !

For, so wondrously clear is her glance's rich  
gleam,

It dazzles them like the sun's light on a stream,  
Making numbers around mourn the loss of  
their sight,

For having once studied her *glance at its  
height.*

This great presence of peril alarms the whole  
Court,

Who order fresh poppies at once to be brought,  
And then (lest Sue's victims should strengthen  
in number)

Bind her gently and soft in the chains of sweet  
slumber.

As the sun in his glory sinks down in the wave,  
Yet leaves traces behind of the lustre he gave,  
As exquisite music whose strains have just  
ceased

Sweet echoes still renders, the senses to feast,  
So Sunny Sue's glance leaves a lingering ray,  
Like the halo of saints, round her eyelids to  
play,

Retaining such grace in the realms of sleep,  
That angels e'en waking for envy would weep.

And now, Royalty winks—and each elfin by  
turns

Makes his little low bow and in quiet adjourns,  
Leaving none but the queen and her stout  
body-guard

The demons of darkness from Sue to discard.

Her Majesty rests till the echoes expire

Of the chariot-wheels as they briskly retire—

And when the last fay flits away through the  
grass,

She unbosoms in secret a talisman-glass—

Then, approaching Sue's heart with a dear lit-  
tle grin,

Gives a wink like a twinkle, and winking,  
peeps in.

The glass has the power of magic reflection,

And to innermost thoughts is avoidless detec-  
tion—

So, the fairy-queen fathoms the heart of bright  
Sue,

And this spectacle strange is unveiled to her  
view.

A miniature lake with a face of smooth ice,  
A steep isle in the centre of heavenly price—  
Is the sight greets her glance. The gay sun of

Flirtation

Pours its rays on the scene and instils anima-  
tion

To the skaters in groups, who go dashing about  
With the grace of a snow-flake and speed of a  
trout,

All eagerly bent, with intensest expression,  
On the lake's frosty face to engrave an impres-  
sion—

For, 'tis writ that whoever most deeply shall  
trace

His image thereon, shall the others efface,  
And capture the island—then, lord it above  
In this sanctum sanctorum so rugged of Love—  
Aye, rugged indeed—for, to scale it to glory  
Is reserved for such names as are blazoned in  
story,

Or such (how the chance sets our soul in com-  
motion)

As besiege it with truth, dauntless love, and  
devotion.

On the shores of the lake, with her countenance  
chilly,  
Stares Envy—she's lame—who deems skating  
is silly,  
And declares that to one of her lofty capacity  
There's something offensive in wit and viva-  
city :

But such is the fate awaits eminence ever—  
The fairest of buds is the first that we sever,  
The arrow of hate at the noblest is cast,  
The pride of the forest falls first in the blast.

The skaters with spirit their feats are pursuing,  
Each imprinting *his* mark, and his neighbor's  
undoing.

Some give it the shape of a quiver and dart  
Some a graceful bouquet, some an epigram  
smart,

And others the form of a heart that is breaking,  
And others a carriage—that's wondrously taking—

And some draw the image of Love in a Cot,  
And some, knowing her best, of a horse on a trot—

(For what joy to ride forth as the day-star is  
dawning,

And cleave, by her side, the fresh air of the  
morning !

Or, at twilight, when Nature is closing her  
eyes,

With lingering step watch the stars as they  
rise !)

The young skaters endeavor their cause to enhance

By spinning with rage through the whirls of  
the dance—

They're half right—for most maids, if our eyes  
are not false,

Would give pearls for a polka, and worlds for a  
waltz.

But, ere half the marks are impressed on the  
ice,  
They dissolve in the sun, and are gone in a  
trice—

\* \* \* \* \*

The skaters, at length, seek the sanctum of  
grace,

And, bent to attain it, set off on a race.

Some strive to secure it by open attack,

But, catching a broadside, are forced to turn  
back ;

Some fancy the secret in blandishment lies,

(Which may tickle the ear, but secures not the  
prize,)

And some soar aloft on the wings of their  
muse,

But, losing their balance, are quit for a bruise.

Some, thinking their glance the whole island  
will shake,

Shaking nought but themselves, are bedrenched  
in the lake.

Thus, each with his purpose and each with his  
plan,  
To the battle-field hies. Let him conquer who  
can.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

The portal of Day on its hinge is revolving,  
And the mist of the night in his glance is dis-  
solving,

The spirit that dwells in each droplet of dew  
Awakes to his welcome and smiles in his view—  
The stars cease their music and speed them  
away,

Sinking back in the ether to shun his fierce  
ray—

The fairy-queen's glass is consulted in vain,  
And her wing, if she tarry, must ever show  
stain.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fairies are fled,—the birds sing in the trees,  
And the shepherd's light note floats away on  
the breeze—



The sun seeks the plain, Sunny Sue seeks her  
friends,  
And from both alike gladly bright sunshine de-  
scends.

## THE NEW-COMER.

'Twas in the dawning year of sixty,  
One evening bright and golden,  
With a newly risen planet  
Our parlors were beholden—  
Such radiance Gotham never met  
Through all the ages olden.

Oh, bright she was, and kind she was,  
And she was wondrous witty—  
She met her foes with honest lance,  
Nor showed them any pity :  
Such tiltings ball-room never saw  
In days of spermaceti.

The little god till then had felt  
His power he was losing ;  
But when she came, he quick resolved  
An adjutant on choosing ;  
The little urchin after that  
Did precious little snoozing.

From that time forward, oh ! how fast  
The darts and arrows flew !  
No foe but bled—no heart but straight  
Was perforated through !  
The Allies caused not half such havoc  
At bloody Waterloo !

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO PREFERRED  
LITTLE MEN.

ONE night, at Maillard's cream saloon,  
As I was eating jelly,  
I caught a glimpse, across my spoon,  
Of that gay witch, Miss Nelly.

Down dropped my spoon, up went my glass—  
My teeth began to chatter ;  
And, like big hailstones on the grass,  
Kept up a steady patter.

I cast her a long, a killing look—  
A look of adoration ;

TO A LADY WHO PREFERRED LITTLE MEN. 165

And as I gazed, my heartstrings shook—  
A shake of captivation.

I changed my seat, drew near the spot  
Where her fair lips were chatting,  
And heard her say—('twas such a shock  
My tears bedewed the matting):

None but small men could hope to win  
Her heart and hand's possession—  
The news went through me like a pin,  
And left a grim impression.

I dashed up to the looking-glass  
And eyed my own extensions—  
I found I was, alas! alas!  
Above a dwarf's dimensions.

When I reached home, to drown the blues,  
I drank a quart of porter—  
And then, by changing boots for shoes,  
I tried to make me shorter.

166 TO A LADY WHO PREFERRED LITTLE MEN.

For five long days and six long nights  
I lay in brown reflection—  
At length a thought put all to rights :  
I thought of *genuflexion*.

And now, Miss Nelly, when we meet  
You'll find me ever kneeling ;  
May I find you, ere I retreat,  
A maid of grateful feeling.

### LINES SENT WITH A ROSE.

ONCE, on a mellow summer's night,  
When every flower was drinking dew,  
And clouds ran sporting soft and light,  
Along the brightly twinkling blue,  
It chanced that Flora (who all day  
Had dallied with the winds at play,  
And, when night fell, had sipped away  
Fresh dewdrops with the culprit fay),  
It chanced that Flora's eyes, so blue,  
Ere half through heaven the moon had rose,  
With slumber sweet oppressed grew,  
And sank to rest in calm repose,

Forgetting all the world contains  
In happy dreams of fairy land,  
And leaving all her bright domains,  
Without a single guardian hand.

Thus lost in sleep did Flora lay  
Till high in air the lark had soared ;  
Then, waking in the morning ray,  
She tripped along the dewy sward,  
And missed ere long, as round she gazed,  
The object of her tenderest care,  
And wept to see, chagrined, amazed,  
The queen of flowers was absent there.  
She heaved a sigh—but sighed in vain—  
The rose was gone ! and none could tell,  
If e'er her eyes should meet again  
Those fragrant leaves she loved so well.

The gods, it seemed, had viewed with envy  
The favor to the rose displayed,  
And, yielding to a jealous frenzy,  
To town exiled her—so 'tis said—



Where, in a new and brighter form,  
A form where all the graces dwell,  
Which Cupid's torch could never warm,  
She's known as sweet and graceful Nell.

But this to Flore was hidden quite,  
Who still, in sorrow, sought her rose  
'*Mid e'en the wall-flowers of the night,*  
Yet found no solace to her woes ;  
Till once, o'ercome by sorrow's weight,  
She sent *this* rose of simple hue,  
To learn of man her *sister's* fate,  
And so I send her *home* to you.

## THE BROWN UMBRELLA.

*(The following lines were written when the author was not yet of age, to commemorate the settlement of a misunderstanding, which was brought about by tendering the use of his umbrella in a shower.)*

THE gaslight flashed on glance and glove—

It seemed a dazzling dream—

The beaux and belles were making love,

The matrons eating cream.

The elders over quails and hocks,

Were busy talking cash and stocks,

While buoyant hearts, and heels elastic,

Went whirling through the "light fantastic,"

And all for once forgot their troubles,

And felt for once as light as bubbles.

A single guest all lonely sat  
And watched his Cinderella,  
'Twas Bella he was peeping at,  
(She of the famed umbrella.)  
With earnest gaze, and steady glass,  
He eyed her steps at every pass,  
And every time that sprightly tripper,  
Sent peeping forth her minim slipper,  
His heart, at moments fond of napping,  
Would start at once a lively tapping.

Being that night of silent mood,  
And full of sad reflection,  
He tarried long where then he stood,  
And took to retrospection.  
His heart flew back to schoolboy times  
(Ere first he dreamed of coats and hats,  
When timid Belle thought smiles were crimes,  
And wore her hair in Kenwig plaits),  
And called to mind that evening fair,  
Which yet in memory gayly lingers,

When, bending over Bella's chair,  
He pulled her Kenwigs with his fingers.

With fondness, too, his heart retraced  
Another day of blessing ;—  
This time the Kenwigs were replaced  
By Martelle's fancy dressing.  
Miss Bella then had just completed  
Her course of education,  
And scarce begun, as all repeated,  
Her reign of captivation.  
Full sweet she was, and gentle too,  
But not as sweet as now,  
For now, she wins at foremost view,  
Just after that cold bow.  
'Twas Emma gave that party small,  
'Twas she reintroduced me,  
But Belle to choose amid them all  
I don't know what induced me.  
It was, perhaps, her pretty face,  
Perchance her pleasing manner,

Or may be 'twas her winning grace,  
Perhaps a hint from Anna ;  
It may have been her soft blue eye,  
Perhaps I was not questioned—  
Perchance I wished my chance to try,  
Perhaps I was predestined ;  
But whether Fate or Emma led,  
'Twas bliss she heaped upon my head.

With curly pate politely bent,  
And cheeks of deep vermilion,  
To Bella dear I straightway went,  
And asked a brief cotillon ;  
'Twas easier then, than now, to find  
Such golden opportunity,  
For, then, the charms in Belle combined  
Lay hid to the community.

I must have seemed of depth untold,  
To that best of Eve's fair daughters,  
If one can trust the adage old,  
On the depth of stilly waters.

For, 'gainst our teeth our shy lips slept,  
With courage fast a-sinking,  
But, "like the owl, though still, we kept  
A divil of a thinking."  
Yet, in that quiet interview,  
Which in all my memories mixes,  
She still was mild, her eyes still blue,  
And her kids were number "sixes."  
My feelings, too, were new—  
What, dear, then, *could* I do?

The dream went on—that selfsame dream,  
That's been so long advancing—  
Though not to me did it so seem,  
*For near me Belle was dancing.*  
Long years rolled by—(we left, you know,  
Miss Bella, meek and hearty,  
A sweet young miss, in quite a glow,  
A-blushing at a party);  
Long years rolled by—the world grew wise,  
And Bella rose to glory,

And all such homage paid her eyes  
As shines not, save in story.  
To sweetest charms had Bella grown,  
To charms which move to gladness,  
Till, when by time's long test they're known,  
They drive us stark to madness.

The vision sped—and memory yearned  
To later scenes of pleasure—  
(Meanwhile my glass to Belle still turned  
And scanned her every measure),  
And every scene that filled the dream,  
Belle lit up with her glances—  
Like some winding moonlit stream  
Which through the foliage dances  
And sheds upon surrounding night  
A bright, though broken gleaming,  
Now sparkling bright, now lost to sight,  
And now all silver seeming.

For, oft through life have we two met,  
And oft has Bella pleased me,

And, if all the truth must here be set,  
Too often has she teased me.

We've met at Saratoga's Spring,  
We've met on board a steamer,  
We've met where gay Italians sing,  
(There's one a "perfect screamer,")

We've met amid the social throng,  
'Mid haunts of giddy fashion,  
And thus it is I've dashed along  
The tender road to passion.

But, better yet, we two have met,  
And here my heart grows mellow,  
We two have met—when all was wet—  
We two have met—ah, sweetly met!—

Beneath a brown umbrella ;

Beneath,

Beneath,

Beneath a brown umbrella ;

A brown,

Snuff-brown,

A cotton, brown umbrella !



Ding, dong, ding ! from garret to the cellar !  
Ding, dong, ding ! God bless that brown  
umbrella !

Dear Belle, these flowers which here I send,  
These little fragrant flowers,  
Are proof I'm still a true old friend,  
Who turns to friendship's bowers,  
As birds once turned to these same leaves  
To revel in their sweetness,  
And found that fragrance all outlives  
Whilst beauty is but fleetness.

And, Belle, these flowers also teach  
Their humble word of moral  
To what is now within their reach—  
To your tempting lips of coral :  
That, as their leaves sweet fragrance send  
Beyond their circle lowly,  
So may your smiles to absence lend  
Contentment bright and holy.

Then, wear them oft, and let them fall ——  
As on that day I oft recall

With feelings warm and mellow,  
The drops of wet, in sparkling jet,  
Fell when we met, so sweetly met,  
Beneath that brown umbrella ;

Beneath,

Beneath,

Beneath that brown umbrella ;

That brown,

Deep brown,

That cotton, brown umbrella ;

Ding, dong, ding ! from garret to the cellar !

Ding, dong, ding ! God bless that brown  
umbrella !

## BELLA.

### ANOTHER REMINISCENCE OF BOYISH DAYS.

I MIGHT as well, before I go,  
Add here a brief revealing  
Of bygone times, and, passing, show  
A page of bygone feeling.

I used to think of Belle—and Belle—  
From sunrise to its setting ;  
And when I heard the midnight bell,  
Oft, oft it found me fretting.

I could not hear a pretty tune,  
Could scent no fragrant flower,  
But Bella's image wakened soon,  
And ruled me for the hour.

I never saw a bird of grace  
With gentle wing advancing,  
But Bella's image still I'd trace,  
Still saw her lightly dancing.

I never knew my soul so dark,  
But Bella's smile, so cheery,  
Could light it, like a firefly's spark  
In woodland dim and dreary.

But oft I've known my buoyant heart,  
Bent down to heavy sorrow,  
When Belle has bid her smiles depart,  
And darkened thus the morrow.

I used to seek her, will or nill,  
As moths will seek a taper,  
And watch her steps, as children will  
The sparks of burnt-out paper.

And when I sought the festive hall,  
Where all was gay confusion,

On Bella first my glance would fall,  
With lover's fond illusion.

The same was true of crowded street,  
And house of holy praying—  
Or any place where hearts may beat,  
Or eye-glass go a-straying.

And if, at times, I idly dreamed  
Youth's favored dream of glory,  
And strung my soul to hopes I deemed,  
Matured, might live in story,

'Twas that I hoped to make her name  
As dear to future ages,  
As once it was to him, whose flame  
Now lights but memory's pages.

## A MIDSUMMER FETE.

### I.

ENCHANTMENT spreads her silken sail—  
And Joy and Pleasure speed the gale—  
Youth, Grace, and Beauty are the crew,  
And Woodland Hall the port in view.

Many a maid, within her bower,  
Impatient waits the wished-for hour—  
And many a youth, of fretful heel,  
With joy disdains his tardy meal,  
Killing the hours, so slow advancing,  
By humming airs that stir to dancing.

---

The hour is come ! A joyous bound  
Through countless hearts speeds swiftly round !  
And, far and wide, from street and square,  
From palace, club, and *porte cochère*,  
The stream pours forth, with ceaseless swell,  
Of matron, dancer, beau and belle—  
All gayly bent toward Pleasure's spring,  
To add fresh plumes to Time's dull wing—  
Or, once more, with exultant soul,  
To quaff Excitement's rosy bowl.

Through rolling dust the chargers dash—  
Their fiery hoofs with lightning flash—  
The air is brisk with snapping whips  
And bursts of joy from cheering lips.  
For miles the dust beclouds the plain,  
Through which gleams out the wheeling train,  
As glimpses of a mist-clad stream  
Rejoice the eye 'neath morn's glad beam.

The pavement's passed—the road is won—  
And westering rolls the scorching sun—

The breath of roses scents the gale,  
As on we dash through Bloomingdale.  
Now Burnham's gone—now Stryker's Bay—  
And now the Abbey's far away!

Soon Woodland Hall shall greet the sight!  
Now, lo! 'tis there—on yon soft height,  
Rearing 'mid trees its stately pile,  
Wearing throughout a festive smile.  
From porch, piazza, casement, walk,  
Comes joyous look—and merry talk—  
And wheresoe'er the eye can stray,  
It meets with nought but faces gay,  
Illumed with smiles, as if to say,  
Where Friendship claims a holiday,  
There Care and Grief shall lose their way.

Each window seen behind the trees,  
Each curtain stirred by evening's breeze,  
Reveals some fair one downward glancing  
Upon the cortège slow advancing.



A striking scene to view the train  
Thus rolling on in endless chain,  
And mark the varying colors glad  
Of lovely maidens brightly clad,  
Contrasting with surrounding green—  
More like a dream than earthly scene !

One after one the long array  
Of coaches come—and briefly stay,  
While portly Brown—with Falstaff-swell  
And easy mien—salutes each belle,  
Unclasps the door, and gives his hand—  
Waving it like a sorcerer's wand—  
So sure he is where Brown is found,  
To Fashion's eye is hallowed ground.

O glorious Brown ! thou medley strange  
Of church-yard, ball-room, saint and sinner,  
Flying by morn through Fashion's range,  
And burying mortals after dinner—  
Walking one day with invitations,  
Passing the next at consecrations,

Tossing the sod at eve on coffins,  
With one hand drying tears of orphans,  
And one unclasping ball-room carriage,  
Or cutting plum-cake up for marriage—  
Dusting by day the pew and missal—  
Sounding by night the ball-room whistle—  
Admitted free through Fashion's wicket,  
And skilled at psalms, at punch, and cricket;  
Relate by what mysterious art  
Thou canst so well fulfil thy part—  
And how, thus sorely taxed each week,  
Thou look'st so happy, fat, and sleek.  
Repeat to us the prittle-prattle,  
About thine ears must daily rattle,  
When marching round through Fashion's quarters,  
Thou'rt questioned oft by Eve's fair daughters.  
And tell us why, seek up, seek down,  
O'er all the earth, there's but one Brown—  
One man alone whom Church and State  
At once consent to consecrate,

With license boundless to combine  
The pew, the ball, the hearse, the wine !

## II.

The guests are gathered in the Hall,  
And light and gay the footsteps fall—  
And gracious welcome, warm and free,  
The hostess yields, with courtesy,  
Assisted in her pleasant duties  
By a choice band of graceful beauties.  
All, young and old, go moving round  
With eyes that flash, and hearts that bound—  
Now greeting friends, now looking on,  
Now gazing down the gravel lawn,  
Or glancing at the works of art  
Which from the classic canvas start ;  
Or, oftener still, advancing out,  
With graceful scarfs their forms about,  
To join a band of spirits free,  
Dancing with joyous revelry,  
On platform 'neath a stalwart tree

Far down the hill, where erst the wave,  
Ere steam was known, the banks would lave.

The shadows lengthen through the glades—  
The sun hangs o'er the Palisades,  
And gilds the Hudson's placid rills  
As slow they kiss the Western hills.  
A sparkling brook glides through the vale,  
Down which sweet rose-leaves lightly sail—  
By breezes soft the trees are stirred,  
And music's notes of joy are heard.  
The damsels, clad in colors bright,  
In pink, canary, blue, and white,  
With cavaliers in black bedight,  
Impart a glory to the scene  
Not e'en surpassed on fairy-green.  
Some ramble through the dusky nooks,  
Some roam along the winding brooks,  
Some, on a *log* beneath the willows,  
Waft sighing speeches o'er the billows;  
And others muse on twilight's hour,  
Or search the woods for forest flower,

Whilst many yield with hearty glee  
To syren Polka's witchery.

But hark ! a sound comes o'er the breeze !  
A hissing strange beyond the trees !  
Behold ! bright sparks the shade have broke !  
A bell ! a whistle ! and black smoke !  
See ! see ! it comes ! 'tis there ! fast—fast !  
Beware ! what dust ! again ! 'tis past !  
Aye, past ! past, like a shooting star,  
That Hudson River railroad car !  
The clatter's still. And night's quick fall  
Bids each regain the lighted Hall !

An hour has passed—and myriad rays  
Enrobe the Hall in high-noon's blaze—  
Each object round shows winter's joy  
Enlisted in mid-June's employ ;  
The punch—the waltz—and gay flirtation—  
With fruit—and stroll—and meditation—  
All blended in harmonious shape,  
Like blue and purple on the grape.

Thus mountains in the tropic zone,  
Of every clime the produce own,  
And varied sweets elsewhere unknown,  
Are there, in union glorious shown.

The breeze blows gently from the river,  
And streamers graceful gayly quiver  
In boudoirs dim, where, mingled, caper  
The silver moon and golden taper ;  
No ringlets rich the wind disturbs,  
For, fashion now the locks so curbs  
*A la Chinoise*, so draws them tight,  
That zephyrs there in vain alight.  
With hand reclining on the sill,  
With eyes uplift, lips dreamy still,  
A lovely maid attentive heeds  
A youth recall forgotten deeds,  
And both together lightly float  
Down Memory's tide to days remote,  
Reviving many a careless hour  
Made golden by Flirtation's power.

Pleasing she is—of cheerful soul—  
And sunshine yields to her control—  
If you would know the simple grace  
Of Knickerbocker's ancient race,  
Its sterling virtues you will find  
In this fair damsel all combined.

Yet how unlike this maid serene  
Is she who joins in the gay scene,  
With the pure buoyancy of heart  
Which proves life's race is at the start ;  
That on Youth's garden never yet  
Illusion's ray hath seemed to set,  
Nor Sorrow's cloud been known to mar  
The lustre fresh of young Hope's star.  
The living light of her dark eye  
Recalls Virginia's natal sky,  
And the quick flashes that oft stray,  
In sparkling mischief, full of play,  
And mingle with her smile's soft ray,  
Denote her lineage erewhile  
Was native to the Emerald Isle—

A martyr race whom cruel laws  
Made exiles in their country's cause.

A host of youths, with earnest glance,  
Her steps are marking in the dance,  
And scarcely has she paused to rest  
But quick each hastens to be blest,  
And craves, with fervor in his style,  
A waltz—a polka—or a smile—  
Or, bolder still, entreats the boon  
Of a lone stroll beneath the moon—  
But she, regardless of their sighs,  
With an arch sparkle in her eyes,  
Disturbs each gallant's wished-for plan,  
And showeth not the favored man,  
But gives the polka to the talker,  
Bestows the smile upon the walker,  
And sends the lover of the moon  
To get some ices and a spoon.  
Yet, with such grace each act she decks,  
She doubly wins where most would vex.



Such power do wit and beauty claim  
When kindness serves them for a frame !  
Oh ! dearer far one moment passed  
    Within her brilliant way,  
Than half a lifetime idly cast  
    With souls of lesser sway.

Beside her whirls a noted belle,  
Whose moist blue eye the soft gazelle  
    In vain would seek to rival—  
Yet ere we'd front that bright eye's spell  
    We'd face a loaded rifle.  
Oft, often on our toiling way,  
Not far from Niblo's Garden gay,  
We've marked her window in Broadway,  
And grateful felt that face so fair  
To passers-by a smile would spare.

A step beyond, two sisters see,  
The flower—the pride—of Grammercy ;  
One, lovely, gentle, sweet and fair,  
A star-beam—brilliant without glare—

Fixed twinkler in Refinement's sky,  
And charming both to heart and eye.  
The other, sparkling, brilliant, beaming,  
Like fountain jet in sunlight gleaming—  
Fluent of speech, with freshness teeming,  
Fit subject for a poet's dreaming.

'Mid belles so gifted, such as shine  
To-night around us, we must pine ;  
For, vain indeed it were to name  
    One half the varied beauties  
Whose grace and charms possess a claim  
    Upon a poet's duties.  
A few more stars we yet submit,  
    And then pursue our story,  
Regretting space does not admit  
    Of other lights the glory.

How faultless in each striking grace,  
In form, in manners, and in face,  
Appears yon damsel waltzing there,  
In pink bedecked—surpassing fair ;

The loveliest form our city knows,  
This rose-bud dawning into rose.

Our eye next notes two sisters sweet,  
Whom far apart we rarely meet—  
Like streamlets springing from one lake  
And flowing on together,  
Both sad when storms around them break,  
Both glad in sunny weather.  
They yet retain the gracious ways  
Which marked our mothers' gentler days—  
That modest suavity of manner  
Which draws all hearts beneath its banner,  
And proves how far a mother's tone  
Like heaven's light around is thrown.  
Few daughters fair so sure to please  
Our age may name, compared to these.

Two more fair sisters next arise—  
Whose name recalls a patriot wise  
Of our Old Revolution.

One sister's pleasing, good, profound,  
In whom the Christian charms abound,  
In constant execution.  
The other's playful, cheerful, gay,  
Accomplished, and quite sprightly—  
Who, when dull speeches cross her way,  
Will start them up most lightly.

In sober quiet, round the room,  
The married dames are sitting—  
These, once so bright, seem now all gloom,  
Their lovely brows half knitting.  
Not that they pine o'er glory gone  
Or feel in slightest way forlorn,  
But thoughts of joys that others miss,  
By leading lives unmated,  
At times will rise and mar their bliss  
Whilst others seem elated.

The beaux are waltzing fiercely round  
Or talking 'gainst the music's sound—

Here stands a buxom sportive soul,  
Whose eyes eclipse the hues of coal,  
With certain traits from crown to shoe  
That prove him Dutchman through and  
through ;

There's a young merchant, once a man  
Dancing at all the balls,  
But since in Broad street he began  
More grave his footstep falls.  
Thus Commerce sternly marks her reign,  
And Dancing's banished by "Champagne."

Next comes an artist, skilled in aquarel  
And full of lofty promise—  
And next a beau who deals in mackerel  
And struts it high in commerce.  
A lawyer next, though young, renowned—  
(I have it on his honor)—  
Another comes, e'en more profound,  
A rival to O'Connor.  
The young beau yonder pitching past  
In polka's lightning-fury,

Is of the class entitled "*fast*,"  
Too young to sit on Jury.

## III.

The waltz has ceased—A moment's pause,  
That guests may heed Dame Nature's laws,  
And hasten to a tempting board  
Borne down by all the times afford.  
Meanwhile we quit the brilliant scene  
And wander o'er the moonlit green.

O moonlight sweet ! so bright yet sad,  
To pensive mood the soul inviting !  
Let us to-night at least be glad,  
With cheerful dream our souls delighting !  
Let us forget thy saddening splendor,  
Eclipsed by Lucy's flashing wit,  
And let our hearts not wax too tender  
As in her presence charmed we flit,

Attentive to the strains delicious  
That bubble from her soul capricious !

Yet, what a change from lively thought  
To pensive, this lonely spot hath wrought !  
A moment since, and I stood where  
All was hot haste, and whirl, and glare !  
Now, quiet reigns.—The air is still—  
And silence sleeps upon the hill ;  
The cricket's chirp alone I hear,  
The moon sails on serene and clear—  
And her light, through foliage stealing,  
Forever keeps the dew revealing.  
A-down the Hudson's silver tide  
The snowy canvas scarce doth glide,  
While, like a dream of childhood's days,  
The Hall behind me pours its rays,  
With every window blazing brightly  
And passing shadows flitting lightly,  
And now and then a broken strain  
That comes, is lost, and comes again.

Thus, oft, in Life's meandering way,  
We turn from Manhood's chilly ray  
And lift our eyes, oppressed with sadness,  
On Youth's retreating halls of gladness—  
Well pleased to catch the fitful strain  
O'er Memory's chord that sweeps in vain.

Lo ! hither comes a spirit mild,  
True grace and feeling's favored child !  
How kindred to her nature soft  
Appear the holy stars aloft—  
And how more native to her mind  
This solitude deep must she find !  
Ah ! seldom in a life's career  
So high a nature pass we near,  
And rarely may we hope to meet  
Such thoughts encased in grace so sweet.  
Hers is the art to *listen well*,  
Yet, when she speaks, to weave a spell,  
Yet scarcely might we hope to say  
If mind or heart hold greater sway.



Loitering down the moonlit vale  
Like shadows on the Stygian pale,  
See, pensive lovers scattered round,  
And thrill to think 'tis hallowed ground.  
How many a vow to-night is given,  
How many an eye is raised to heaven,  
How many tears of rapture flow,  
Oh ! mortal man may never know !  
But if young hearts there still exist,  
If Poesy's dream their souls e'er kissed,  
If all the fire of holy youth,  
The glow of friendship, love, and truth,  
Be not deep smothered in the dust,  
In this cold age of golden lust,  
Then surely such a night as this,  
When thoughts unbidden yearn for bliss,  
On such a night, when all is fair,  
And woman stands expectant there,  
If hearts do not sweet rapture feel,  
And bid, through looks, that rapture steal,

Then moonlight, music, soul—is vain,  
And Love may ne'er revive again.

## IV.

Around a board of feast and wine,  
A host of youths to mirth incline.  
Pop ! goes the cork, the foam-beads bubble,  
And each one hastes to cool his trouble.  
What clatter strange ! It seems a strife !  
“ A spoon this way ! ” “ A fork—a knife ! ”  
“ Some ice-cream here ! ” “ Some berries  
there ! ”  
“ Whence came that rose ? ” “ Dear sir, take  
care ! ”  
“ You're on my dress ! ” “ From Mantel's  
garden ! ”  
“ No more for me ”—“ I beg your pardon ! ”  
Meanwhile the feast through youngsters' lips  
Sails snugly in like floating chips ;  
And like the busy, prudent ants,  
They store up vigor for the dance—

Resembling, too, the desert's camel,  
For nought they eat their movements trammel.

## V.

Now, for "The German!" 'Tis a sound  
At which each youth starts with a bound;  
The chairs are ranged in circle wide,  
And each belle waits in all her pride,  
For well she knows from every side  
The cross-fire of a hundred glances  
Will mark her steps as round she dances;  
The leader draws his magic bow  
And quick the band begins.  
Each damsel glides off with a beau,  
And gracefully she spins—

Revolving, whirling,  
Spinning, curling,  
Like wreaths from prized cigar,

Or foam upon a billow,  
Or leaf of silver willow,  
Or twinkling beam of star.

In rings, in squares,  
Alone, in pairs,  
How playfully ye mingle !  
Your eyes, how bright,  
Your steps, how light,  
How blissfully ye jingle !

Now in, now out,  
Now wheel about,  
Now in, around, now back again—  
Now up, now under,  
Now fly asunder,  
And now awhile your seats regain.

Now part them all  
With upraised shawl,  
And hear the heroes chuckle !

Now mark their fingers  
(See no one lingers),  
And seize upon a knuckle.

Now partners change,  
In bands now range,  
Now sit upon a chair,  
Now bring a beau,  
Look up, smile "no"—  
Let all but one despair.

In rings, in squares,  
Alone, in pairs,  
Now once more gayly mingle,  
With eyes as bright,  
And steps as light,  
As sleigh-bells' sprightly jingle.

No waves at play,  
Whose snowy spray  
Gales toss about the ocean,

E'er showed such bright  
Confused delight  
As does this dance's motion.

## VI.

The midnight bell ! Haste, haste—begone !  
Call coachmen up the moonlit lawn—  
One parting glance at Lucy steal,  
Nor let her know the pang we feel—  
The hostess seek—express delight—  
And bid to each a sweet good-night,  
Roll out amid the chariot throng  
And cast your eye the skies along—  
With rapture view the silver cloud  
Wrapping the moon in fancied shroud,  
Survey the Hudson's burnished rill,  
Observe the shadow on the hill,  
And, as the Hall retreats in night,  
Let dreams prolong the fete's delight.

Enchantment furls her slackened sail—  
And Sleep and Memory lull the gale—  
While Youth and Beauty, lost to view,  
Bid Woodland Hall—Adieu ! Adieu !

## A VISION.

*Lines written to a sparkling debutante, whom I had not met  
since she was a schoolgirl.*

A BRIGHT sky overhead—smiling landscapes  
around,  
And a stream that went merrily gleaming—  
A boat far above gliding down with a bound,  
And myself at the bow lightly dreaming.

Not the dream of a sleeper—but visions of  
youth  
Setting out on a cruise down life's river—  
And surveying the rocks of the Future, for-  
sooth,  
With pleasure, instead of a shiver.



Over all silence reigned.—In the distance I saw,  
Above the horizon just springing,  
A bird of gay plumage—obeying Joy's law,  
And most sweetly and cheerily singing.

The bird was quite small—and seemed bending  
her flight  
To the highest of heaven's blue arches—  
When the boat turned aside, and concealed  
from my sight  
For a while her aërial marches.

Onward time flew—and the boat had passed  
o'er  
A good part of the widening river,  
When again I looked up—and suspending my  
oar,  
Admiration perhaps made me quiver.

The bird had attained the top arch of the blue,  
And seemed grown, and more charming than  
ever,

Her wing was so soft—a celestial hue—  
And fit the pure ether to sever.

Her plumage was varied, and brilliantly blent  
The bright with the softest of shading,  
And her song seemed the whisper of seraphims  
lent,  
Mankind from life's cares for dissuading.

She lingered awhile on a tree near the stream,  
And swiftly I drew near to view her—  
But I found—not the bird that enlivened my  
dream,  
But Miss Jenny, our sparkling undoer.

## WEST POINT.

OH ! with joy I remember that soft afternoon,  
When, as eve with its glorious robes gilt the  
West,  
And all nature was decked in the freshness of  
June,  
Preparing in peace for the Sabbath-day rest,  
I discovered a coach dashing over the plain,  
And, raising my glass—for 'twas now waxing  
late—  
Took a peep to find out whom the coach might  
contain,  
When lo ! it stopped short at the little white  
gate,

And I saw you alight on a pebble amiss,  
With your eyes so ablaze with its mischievous  
twinkles,  
That I thought, if you didn't bring showers of  
bliss,  
You would give us at least some agreeable  
sprinkles.

Oh ! bright moments, how swiftly ye flew !  
And—and don't you remember them too ?

And with joy I remember those beautiful hills,  
As I sat by your side while the music was  
playing,  
And the river afar, with its glittering rills,  
And the cheerful, good folks, as they went to  
church praying ;  
And the crow that was heard as the music  
expired,  
And the silence that followed so solemnly  
deep,

Transporting the spirit with visions inspired,  
And extending to day the attractions of  
sleep.

How I love to go back to those nice little  
talks

We exchanged at the porch, 'neath the shade  
of the trees,

Which I found ever needful, to shelter my  
walks,

(Though one ev'ning, you know, we were  
ready to freeze.)

Oh! bright moments, how swiftly ye flew!  
And—and don't you remember them too?

How I love to remember that walk to "Fort  
Put.,"

And the lesson I got for my fretful gallant-  
ing,

As I toiled in the sun, with my eyes nearly  
shut,

Save when pausing to gaze on those scenes  
so enchanting !

How delightfully cool were our seats on the  
grass,

And what pleasure it gave you to scoop me  
a grave

With a chip for a spade ; while I lent you my  
glass

To study Crow's Nest, and look down on the  
wave !

And at eve, what a long, charming ramble we  
took

Through those dim, shady walks sloping  
down to the shore,

Sitting down, now and then, in some fairy-  
queen's nook,

With the world only known by the cannon's  
loud roar !

With what rapture, at night, when the music  
was heard,

Did we watch for the moon, as she mounted  
Crow's Nest,

And how oft did you chide when I spoke the  
least word !

But with you by my side—was not talking  
far best ?

Oh ! bright moments, how swiftly ye flew !

And—and don't you remember them too !

## A NEWPORT BELLE.

"THERE's a hop at the Ocean—let's join it," I  
said—

The young ladies at once grew ecstatic;  
Soon a chap'ron is seized on her way up to bed—  
Her room is not far—from the attic.

"Bellevue coach " is engaged—the gay throng  
tumble in—

We depart with a terrible clatter—

"I've forgotten my gloves!" "I'd give worlds  
for a pin!"

Such giggling! such shouts! "What's the  
matter?"



The ball-room flies open—the tickets are  
bought—

The price, I believe, three half dollars—  
The guests—oh, how few—scarce a score—we  
are caught!

The girls frown, the beaux pull their shirt-  
collars.

The music strikes up, and away my friends fly,  
In desperate hope to be merry ;  
I'm left quite alone, at a loss what to try,  
Like a lover too late at a ferry.

I am sad ; I am lonely ; oh, bitter suspense !  
The blue devils are perched on my fancy ;  
Says then Mrs. S. : " Mister M——, Miss  
Hortense ! "

Blue devils, adieu !—Necromancy !

Bright rolling blue eyes—a deep dimple—a  
smile—

Irresistible showers of sallies—

Her glance flying round at the beaux all the  
while—

Her aim a ten-strike in Love's alleys.

I am charmed—I am piqued—then provoked  
—then amused ;—

'Tis a bath in colloquial breakers ;

I go home—try to rest—close my lids—sleep's  
refused—

Her eyes make my own wide-awakers.

Next morn I array me in neat *négligé*—

Go over to pay her a visit—

Oh, the fair morning-glory ! what *laissez-aller* !

This isn't Hortensia—is it ?

“ Dear me ! I'm so sleepy ! been bathing ! ”—

She sleeps.

I rise—through the door am departing,

When out through her lids a provoking smile  
peeps,

And up to her feet she comes starting.

Some nonsense—some reading—some music—  
some love—

Barrett Browning—French singing—light  
laughter—

In fact, we do many wise things much above  
What's been done long before and long after.

And oft, in this madcap, eccentric way,  
We wheedle away the fleet morning—  
She varying ever—sad, glad, moping, gay—  
Always graceful, even when—*yawning*.

At length I go over to bid her good-by—  
Feel concerned lest the news may derange  
her,  
Am sure she will weep—am afraid she may  
die—  
Find her—*setting her cap for a stranger!*

## YE WHO PRAY, OH, PRAY FOR ME!

*Translated from Millevoye, who died in the winter-time, of consumption, while yet in the prime of life, a week after composing this simple but touching ballad.*

IN the hamlet, hushed and lonely,  
Musing sadly o'er his state,  
Lingered one, in life's prime only,  
Early doomed to meet his fate.  
Oft he told the peasants there :  
Kind ones ! 'tis the hour of prayer,  
And the bells toll mournfully—  
Ye who pray, oh, pray for me !

But when you find the cascade hid  
By the foliage of yon tree,  
You may say : Poor invalid,  
From his trials he is free !  
Visit then again this shore,  
Singing plaintive burdens o'er,  
And when the bells toll mournfully,  
Ye who pray, oh, pray for me !

'Gainst man's hate and envy's bane,  
I've set time and my sad fate ;  
Of a life undimmed by stain,  
The end approaches, and I wait !  
Brief hath been on earth my stay !  
Swept off in my lifetime's May !  
Still I bow to fate's decree—  
Ye who pray, oh, pray for me !

Dear companion, blessèd wife,  
Whom I honored, loved alway,  
I had offered thee my life,  
Yet it hardly lasts a day !

Give her, kind ones, then, your care,  
When she comes at time of prayer,  
Also saying mournfully :  
Ye who pray, oh, pray for me !

## TIME AND LOVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

A HOARY man, Old Time by name,  
Who all his days a-roaming spent,  
Beside a stream did thus exclaim :  
“ Oh, pity me, by old age bent !  
Will no one heed my mournful cries,  
Will not some hand the oar that plies  
Lend aid to one who 's old, alas !  
And kindly now make dull Time pass ? ”

Some maidens merry on the shore  
Took pity on his tears fast flowing,

And wished to ferry old Time o'er  
In a light skiff young Love was rowing.  
But one ~~of~~ them, by far more wise,  
Repeated oft, amid her sighs :  
“ Ah ! many a maid 's been wrecked, alas !  
In seeking thus to make Time pass ! ”

But Love, unheeding, plies his oar  
And pauses where the old man 's standing ;  
He offers Time to bear him o'er,  
And now they seek the adverse landing.  
With rapid stroke Love bounds along,  
Ever repeating in his song :  
“ You see, you see, my prudish lass,  
*How swiftly Love can make Time pass ! ”*

But sudden Love a-weary grows—  
This ever was his greatest fault—  
And, in his stead, old Time now rows,  
Exclaiming : “ What ! so soon you halt !



Poor child ! how fast you fade away !  
You slumber—while I sing the lay  
That wisdom loves to teach : *Alas !*  
*Time's ever sure to make Love pass !*”

**"I LOVE THEE NOW NO MORE!"**

**TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.**

Two days ago, I loved thee yet—  
A band my eyes did fetter—  
But, Lucy, thou too false coquette,  
To-day I know thee better !  
I may not yet forget at will,  
My feelings may flow o'er,  
I may, alas ! regret thee still—  
But I love thee now no more !

In thy sweet smile, what lovely charms !  
What grace in every motion !

To thee e'en stoics render arms,  
And sigh with fond devotion.  
Oh, would that my new friend combined  
Thy grace with her mind's lore!  
For, thou art charming still, I find,  
Though I love thee now no more!

No doubt another in my place  
Already's marked by thee;  
Inveigled by thy bloom and grace,  
He'll be deceived, like me.  
And spite of that, I envy him,  
Though sorrow lies in store—  
I'm jealous still of thy least whim,  
Though I love thee now no more.

Should we, in some romantic nook,  
E'er meet in sad reflection,  
I might reopen memory's book  
And tell my old affection.

228      " I LOVE THEE NOW NO MORE ! "

Then, roused by such propinquity,  
My feelings might run o'er,  
And all my love rush back to thee—  
But I love thee *now* no more !

**"O BREEZE OF THE WEST!"**

**TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.**

**WHILE my love is asleep,  
Gentle breeze of the West,  
Kiss softly her brow,  
Disturb not her rest.**

**Breathe mildly, O breeze,  
O'er her slumbers so light !  
Let the brush of thy wing  
Not be heard in its flight !  
And when stealing in peace  
Through the maze of her curls,**

Waft to me her sweet breath  
Culled from coral and pearls.  
O Breeze of the West,  
Disturb not her rest!

Beware not to break  
Her slumber's light chain,  
For, I fear lest her glance  
Break my heart with sweet pain.  
O zephyr of grace,  
What bliss is thy share,  
Who thus canst caress  
A damsel so fair!  
O Breeze of the West,  
Disturb not her rest!

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

A PARODY ON MR. C. C. MOORE'S "CHRISTMAS EVE."

*Written for a young lady just entering her "teens."*

'Twas the morning of New Year's, when all  
    through my heart  
Not a lady was stirring—not even a dart;  
My onyx was pinned to my necktie with  
    care,  
In hopes the young ladies would give it a  
    stare;  
My fingers were nestled all snug in my gloves,  
While visions of pretty girls spoke of sweet  
    loves,

And John in his carriage, and I on my feet,  
Where just taking our start for a long New  
Year's treat,  
When 'neath my suspender there rose such a  
clatter,  
It struck me at once a heartache was the  
matter,  
So, I quick at an omnibus flew like a flash,  
Knocked a street-sweeper down, and fell in with  
a crash ;  
The sun on the folds of my glossy black vest  
Shed lustre around on the face of each guest—  
Soon, what to my wondering eyes should  
appear,  
But a snug drawing-room, and two easy chairs  
near,  
With a sweet, pretty damsel, so like "Sister  
Harry,"  
I knew in a moment 'twas dear little Carrie.  
More rapid than snowflakes her lovers they  
came,



And she curt'sied, and flirted, and called them  
by name :

"Now, Jemmy ! Now, Josy ! Now, Johnny !  
Now, Jenkins !

On, Peter ! On, Pumpkins ! On, P. Double-  
enkins !

To the bowl full of punch ! Near the niche in  
the wall !

Now, sip away ! sip away ! sip away all ! "

As schoolgirls, that before a wild, crazy man  
fly,

When they meet a policeman, contentedly sigh,  
So off to the punch-bowl her lovers they flew,  
With their hearts full of joy, and the dear  
Carrie, too ;

And then, in a twinkling, I heard round the  
bowl

The laughing and sporting of each happy soul.  
As I reached the back room, and was turning  
around,

In came Carrie dear, with a smile and a  
bound.

She was dressed all in pink, from her shoe to  
her shawl,

And her hoops they stood out like the dome of  
St. Paul ;

The picture of joy lay ensconced on her face,  
And she looked like an angel, all smiling with  
grace.

Her eyes—how they twinkled ! Her dimples—  
how merry !

Her cheeks were like roses ; her lip like a  
cherry !

Her sweet, pretty mouth was drawn up like a  
bow,

And the pearl of her teeth was as white as the  
snow ;

The tip of her fan she held tight in her teeth,  
And her joy it encircled her face like a  
wreath.

She had a small foot, and a little, round body,  
That shook, when she laughed, like a bowl full  
of toddy ;

She was merry and smart—a right lively dear  
elf,

And I loved when I saw her, in spite of myself.  
A tear in my eye, and a shake in my glove,  
Soon gave me to know I was deeply in love ;  
I drank not a drop, but went straight to my  
work—

And talked two whole minutes—then turned  
with a jerk,

And telling dear Carrie she looked like a rose,  
And giving a nod, brought my joy to a close.  
I sprang to a hack, dried the tears in my  
lashes,

And away I then flew to the house of Miss  
Dash's—

But I heard her exclaim, ere I'd gone far  
away :

“Happy New Year to all, and to all a good  
day !”

## A TOAST.

AIR :—“ *My boat is on the shore.*”

THE guests are nearly gone,  
And my cab 's before the door,  
But before I go, dear John,  
Let us toast the girls once more.

Here's a health to gentle Nell,  
And a glass to blue-eyed Mary ;  
Here's to both we love so well,  
Charming girls, who never vary.

Here's to bright-eyed, playful Liz,  
Tart at times, through mischief merely,

And to her dear, dimpling phiz—  
Whom we banter, loving dearly.

Here's long life to lovely May,  
And a sigh to Constance dear,  
To the bride who's now away,  
And to Alice here's a cheer.

Here's success to their best wishes,  
And to all whose lives are true!  
Here's to friendship, more than riches!  
And a health, dear John, to you!

Here's a bumper to "the Three!"  
And through life, howe'er things vary,  
Ever let our first toast be:  
"Here's to Liz, to Nell, and Mary!"

## A BACHELOR'S WISH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THEY say life is a river whereon  
Each mortal is destined to float,  
Sailing on, in the storm or the sun,  
As well as he can, with his boat.  
In marriage the boat carries two.  
Heaven grant when that folly I do,  
The skies may be blue,  
The *mate* may be true,  
And oh ! may it favor us, too,  
With a few  
(One or two)  
Little cabin boys, who  
Will enlist as a crew  
For the love of us two.

## WHAT IS LIFE?

A PLAYFUL, restless, soaring kite,  
To earth bound fast  
By Duty's string, which pulleth tight  
Till death's fell blast  
Sweeps in at last,  
And whisks it into boundless night.

## MY SOLFERINO CHOKER.

*A lady at the Ocean House, Newport, having stated that she had been unable to procure a cravat of the newly introduced Solferino color, the author volunteered to send her one he had just received from New York. It was accompanied by the following.*

BRIGHT, winsome, pungent Miss !

Subduer of the " Ocean ! "

Sam Patch of wit's abyss !

And Maelstrom of emotion !

A thought has passed so *pat*

Through my bewildered cranny

Anent the gay cravat

I promised to Miss Nanny,



I must jot it down for you,  
With pen much like a poker,  
Before I bid adieu  
To my Solferino choker.

I beg you 'll read therein  
An emblematic token  
Of traits in you I've seen,  
Though never yet have spoken.  
Like you, its hue is bright—  
The top wave of the fashion—  
Rich as morn's purple light—  
And symbol deep of passion.  
Its *Solferino* name  
Recalls your sweep victorious  
O'er the *crème de la crème*  
By conquests swift and glorious:  
Whilst the points which you see  
At either termination,  
Note the points of your esprit,  
And its sharp fascination.

And the white, unsullied stitch  
Which runs along the border,  
Is the thread so silken which  
Runs, like a grand marauder,  
Deep through the lives of all  
On whom your smiles descend,  
And whom you're pleased to call  
By that charming title—Friend.

## TO MARIA PICCOLOMINI.

### BENEFIT NIGHT.

*Copies of the following address, some on satin, some on variously colored paper, were showered over the Academy of Music, by parties stationed in the upper tier, just after Mlle Piccolomini had been presented with a diamond bracelet, by the patrons of the Opera, on the night of her benefit, December 7, 1858.*

GIFTED One—from a gifted land !  
Fair rose-bud, sprung of lineage grand !  
Spoiled child of Music, Grace, and Art,  
So loved by all ! Say, must we part ?

Must we now lose thy song, thy mirth,  
Thy charms, enhanced by private worth,

At which in vain mean envy's craft  
Awhile did aim her poisoned shaft ?

Must Violetta now no more  
Our smiles and tears at will explore ?  
Must thy fresh voice, so sweet, so bright,  
Our ravished souls no more delight ?

Must those dear friends we've loved to meet—  
From arch Zerlina, warbling sweet,  
To that too cunning witch *Marie*,  
So full of feeling and esprit,—

Pretty Serpina, pert of manner—  
Superb Lucretia—sweet Susanna—  
Must these delicious friends of ours  
Leave us to tears—ere many hours ?

Alas, too true ! And our hearts swell  
E'en now, as slow we breathe farewell !  
Yet while we grieve, with hope we burn,  
For with " *ADIEU !* " we cry " *RETUEN !* "

## A MORNING CALL.

*The following was sent anonymously, to mystify a young lady who had performed in "A Morning Call," at Private Theatricals.*

LAST night, Lucy, while your wit  
Gleamed about your lively phiz,  
One heart there was madly smit—  
Would you know whose heart it is ?

'Tis the heart of—hear the truth—  
One who loves you, loves your grace,  
Loves your spirit, loves your youth,  
Loves the sunbeam in your face,

Loves the mischief in your eye,  
Loves your laughter, ringing clearly,  
Like an angel's in the sky—  
Oh, that laugh, I love it dearly !

Near such genius and such wit,  
Near such mischief and such grace,  
Lucy, Lucy, must I sit,  
Never nearer than the "pit" ?  
Never meet you face to face,  
Never catch your bright, black eye,  
Never hear your gentle sigh,  
Never press your pretty hand,  
Never, raptured, by you stand,  
Never watch the young loves whirl  
In and out your every curl,  
Never whisper, Lucy dear,  
In your heart's own private ear,  
You 're a noble, generous girl,  
Love's best treasure, Beauty's pearl,  
Of young girls the one of all  
On whom I'd make "*A Morning Call*" ?

Lucy, Lucy, will you not  
Mend your cold, unfeeling ways,  
And shed upon my earthly lot  
Some of heaven's purest rays ?

## AT ROCKAWAY.

THE August moon gleamed o'er the sea—  
The surf was fringed with silver spray—  
The band was playing after tea—  
And all was gay at Rockaway.

Young couples lounged in joyous mood  
Adown the grand piazza's length,  
And married dames, in shawl and hood,  
Sat catching cold, or snuffing strength.

Yet, 'mid this gay, delightful scene,  
Neglected, sat a damsel fair—



A stranger sure she must have been,  
To be alone, deserted there.

Her burning eye was bright as jet,  
More imp than angel in its beam—  
Face passing fair—and form that yet  
Poets surpass not in their dream.

What faults were hers not one could tell—  
Flirtatious, gay, she may have been—  
But were it not for Beauty's spell,  
Oh, how much less had been her sin !

Ah, ladies ! ye who are so strong  
When all united in "*a set*"—  
To whom grace, kindness, love belong—  
Why thus a sister harshly fret ?

Be nobler—worthier of your sex—  
In generous silence pass her by—  
You *can't forgive*—but do not vex—  
'Tis Nature made—*that bright, black eye.*

## GEORGETTE.

In dear old Gotham—jolly town,  
Whereof who hath not heard ?—  
In a snug house of great renown,  
In spacious Twenty-third,

Sojourns the Bay State's light and hope—  
Bostonian half—half Paris—  
Puritan born—has seen the Pope—  
And “ stops ” with Mrs. Harris.

Her name Georgette—a pretty name—  
Not prettier than her hand—

Which, for size, form, and grace, I claim  
The fairest in the land.

A veil of light o'erspreads her face,  
Which charms you all the while—  
And coldest hearts grow warm apace  
Watching her witching smile.

But of her many winning traits  
What most I prize and praise,  
Is the piquant esprit that waits  
On her warm, hearty ways.

I met her first in Boston Bay,  
While on a summer jaunt,  
And passed a long, bright August day  
With her at blest Nahant.

The air was fresh—the sky was clear—  
It was a day divine ;—  
We roamed on rocks—such walks ! oh dear,  
What friends we were by nine !

A few more talks—then, months rolled by,  
And when we met again—  
Italia's gifted child was nigh—  
We stood in Song's domain.

Then followed fast a festive round  
Of supper, feast, and ball—  
Where many a guest she captive bound,  
And made warm friends of all.

At Delmonico's, one moist eve,  
In honor of her stay,  
I gave a dinner by her leave  
*En petit comité.*

We numbered eight, and at my right,  
In gracious mood, she sat—  
The hours unheeded took their flight,  
So charming was our chat.

But brightest stars must soonest fade  
And fairest joys must end—

A truce to festive scenes be made,  
And we must lose our friend.

But, as thou leavest, bear away  
Kind wishes—warm regret—  
For, when thou'rt gone, my friends will say :  
His spirits are : *To Let.*

THE END.











